

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

**B**EST be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love" one would naturally suppose to be the motto of the Morality department of the Toronto police, but Self-Interest appears to be the strongest tie recognized amongst those who are in police charge of public well-being. When the Royal Theater was open and the police department were the chief beneficiaries of having the building rented and the show undisturbed, inasmuch as they were practically the owners of the house, there were no complaints of the police hiring men, women or boys to attend the tainted performances in order to obtain a conviction. On Monday, however, Chief Justice Armour, in a fortune-telling case, very strongly reprobated "the practice of hiring people to induce others to break the laws of the land," as was done in the instance of two female witnesses who had gone to Mrs. Marcott in order to get her to foretell the future. Mr. Justice Osler also expressed great contempt for "the idea of furnishing little boys, sons of respectable people, with money and sending them into stores to buy cigarettes in order that a conviction might be secured against the shopkeeper," concluding by remarking that, "a more shocking thing I never heard of." Deputy Attorney-General Cartwright insisted that the city police were alone to blame, and the Chief Justice suggested that Mr. Cartwright should bring the matter before the Attorney-General.

We must all recognize the fact that the methods employed by detectives in order to obtain convictions are sometimes of a very devious sort, but excusable on the ground that the committing of the crime for which punishment is sought is so serious a matter that extreme measures have to be taken. Fortune-telling, however, and the selling of cigarettes are not such dreadful matters that the Morality department can afford to induce women and boys to act and feel very much like sneaks, tale-bearers and tempters, by social ostracism. I believe it is generally admitted that the old-fashioned habit of endeavoring to get schoolboys and girls to tell tales on their schoolmates has been abandoned by teachers on account of its bad moral effect, though the excuse was long considered good that it was necessary in order to maintain discipline. Not even an old-fashioned whip-swishing schoolmaster ever felt justified in publicly offering to pay informers to tell tales, and yet this is what is being done by the guardians of our public morals. Taking the three cases quoted, it is evident that even the Morality police are rather crude and unscrupulous in the methods they employ in order to appear to be doing great work, while nasty places like the Royal Theater could run day after day and night after night without being prosecuted, though the police in plain clothes might easily have gone and seen for themselves and testified in court without undergoing the degradation of becoming paid informers inducing others to violate the law so that a conviction might be advertised as the work of moral reformers of the police squad.

**H**OW would it do, during the summer months, when so much water, so hard to provide by the Water Works Department, is wasted in the various households of the city, for the police to hire children to inform on their parents? This would be quite in line with the system now in vogue in the Morality Department.

**T**HE National Woman's Suffrage Association has been meeting in Minneapolis, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who, by the way, is a grey-haired and benevolent-looking lady, bitterly denounced the Christian Churches for their doctrinal treatment of women. She holds, as all women suffragers have always held, that "the greatest block of to-day in the way of woman's emancipation is the Church, the Canon law, the Bible and the priesthood." Though we all know it is dangerous to "quote" the Holy Scriptures, she thinks that in order to further the movement in which she has taken a life interest, an expurgated Bible should be read in place of the version now in use, in which there should be no reference to woman as the "author of sin," an "inferior," a "subject," a "weaker vessel." She considers all such effete references as belonging to mythology and allegories, and "having no application whatever to women of this generation." Iconoclasts are all alike, except in the selection of the images they wish to destroy and those they desire to retain. She holds that as women to-day, as ever, sustain the Church—God bless them!—and keep up the enthusiasm which makes churches possible, these matters to which she objects should be removed, and that religious organizations in which women have so large a part should be just, and practically be run for women, as they are practically managed by women—and men stay away if they dare or are not the ones who induce the women to go as their proxies. If Mrs. Stanton is right, that Mormon and Turkish harems are not maintained by civil or political power, but by the religious or practically the femininely supported idea, it is high time that the women who thus keep these things alive should enquire into the impulse which is in fact the foundation of polygamy. It may be that many women are willing to take a section of a man rather than be spinsters, but it is well known that it takes a great many more women than it does men to constitute a harem or a Mormon household, and if those of the female sex are strong and are able to be as dominant as men, they should long ago have put down this particular form of domestic organization.

It may be, as the speaker said, "the central falsehood from which all these different forms of slavery spring is the doctrine of original sin and of woman as a medium for the machinations of Satan, his author." Well, who has proved differently or objected to women on that account? Miss Anthony and Mrs. Catt also made use of some language intended to make that monster called man writhe, shudder, and crawl for mercy, but somehow men have got used to this kind of talk and can stand considerable of it without any loss of appetite or the slightest sensation of fear as to any sweeping change which is likely to be made during the present or next generation.

What is being feared more than public agitations is the private attitude of superiority assumed by the women of the Republican household. Women may vote in very few places in the United States, but no one can deny that she has more sway than is measured by the number of those who go to the polls. Amongst the better class of people where scandals and domestic brawls are feared, and the "new woman" has reached her highest development, the wife in nine cases out of ten is a person in authority, who, like the centurion of old, says "go, and he goeth, come, and he cometh." The modern man is afraid to leave the house late in the morning or to come home late at night, for even if he has a good excuse the lady who has his conduct in charge frequently has no scruple in doubting his word. Business men could not act like this in their own warehouses. Attention is every day being more frequently called to the fact that the well-to-do citizen of the United States is considered as but little more than a wage-earner by his wife and daughters. Of course there are millions of sweet, old-fashioned women, and in thousands of homes the old-fashioned system of permitting the father to be the head of the

household and treating him with respect and obedience is still in force. In the majority of cases in the United States, however, it is the mother who handles all the money which can be spared from business purposes; it is to her the children go for permission to absent themselves from school, and to go to picnics, baseball matches, evening parties, or to engage teachers in music, drawing, fancy work, and the frills which are so generally considered accomplishments; and too frequently the woman who is strong in the management of her husband is weak in the handling of her children, for maternity is stronger than any other of woman's impulses.

It seems to me that Mrs. Stanton has very little to complain of, and that Miss Anthony and Mrs. Catt would be wise if they refrained from calling further attention to the growth of the propaganda to make woman not only the equal, but the superior, of man. It is impossible in the majority of cases for a man and wife to decide upon an absolute equality as to authority, financial matters and the policy to be pursued in the bringing up of a family. A

example than that which a despatch from Topeka, Kansas, has just furnished. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon has made a great deal of money and acquired a conspicuous position as a religious teacher and the author of "In His Steps," and as having edited a secular daily for a week "as Christ would have edited it." The money that he has made and the consequent luxuries it procures, should certainly have induced "Rev. Mrs." Sheldon, as the Western society papers would call her, to support him in his work, and not by her conduct partially neutralize the effect of his books. Recently he issued a story, "Born to Serve," in which he declares that the servant girls should have equal privileges with members of the family. That the work of Rev. Mr. Sheldon and of Mrs. Carrie Nation is being taken seriously in "Bleeding" Kansas, is proven by the fact that when a new servant came to the Sheldon family she laid a plate for herself at the first meal which she prepared. The wife of the author called the attention of the domestic to this peculiar performance, and objected to having a servant girl at the table. Naturally enough the domestic

barrassment which a servant seated at the table would bring about, but I can hardly appreciate the sense of the wife being so privileged to dominate the household and show such selfishness as that which led to the demonstration which has made Rev. Mr. Sheldon and his book a trifle ridiculous. However, Rev. Mr. S. has not yet been heard from.

And while we are on this topic, it might be well to enquire whether the position of a servant in a Christian or clerical family is not made more difficult and the drudgery increased by the collision of social and religious forms. Meal time is probably the only moment when the clergyman has an opportunity to talk to his servant about the condition of her soul, and he should be glad to have her where he could thoroughly canvass the subject. If, however, we admit that a clergyman is merely a professional man and that he should not be instant in season and out of season, as good form regulates that he should not be, but as the Scriptures insist that he should be, then it is all right. If we recognize that a servant is a member of the family, then we must admit her to privileges as such, and conversation bearing upon her fitness for the future world would not only be in good form, but in thorough keeping with the clerical task, both over the soup and the dessert.

**T**HE shooting of County Constable Boyd and the murderous though hopeless effort of the Chicago desperadoes to escape, have so aroused the city and country that no extended comment is needed. Over episodes of this sort public opinion is so excited that it is hopeless for a writer to endeavor to either awaken or direct the comment which has been occasioned. No doubt these prisoners, encouraged by their easy escape from Canada and their knowledge of the habits of Western people holding up their hands and yielding to those who present a gun, were led to make an attempt so fatal and abortive in its nature. As the newspapers have pointed out, the presence of these men in the city at the time the crime for which they were being tried was committed, was made known to the police through a "woman affair." No doubt the scheme to give the desperadoes a chance to escape was also born in a woman's mind. It is a strange phase of feminine character that she will lay down her life for those she loves, and it is equally striking that she may love those that she should not, and her likes and dislikes cannot always be depended upon as permanent. As in the war in the Transvaal, Canadians during the shooting in Gerrard street showed that they were not afraid of firearms, though held by others than themselves, and probably this is the result of having so little to do with fights in which gunpowder is burned. People though naturally brave will not go into a hopeless encounter. Canadians, it must be admitted, are brave, and not being aware of how others so freely use revolvers, are not deterred by threats from doing what, in their perhaps slow way, they consider their duty. Now that Jones is dead, one of the robbers is, luckily for himself, out of court. Another at least of the survivors is certain to be hanged, and all those concerned will no doubt have justice done to them for the balance of their lives.

**G**ENERAL MANAGER CLOUSTON of the Montreal Bank, in his annual address, descriptive of a record year of success, has issued a note of warning with regard to over-production and the venturing of mercantile people beyond their depth. Almost on the same date a Philadelphia paper has an article from a leading commercial man stating that great industrial strikes almost invariably precede a serious depression in business. He does not say that the strikes cause the depression, but intimates that those inflated ideas which fill the minds of the speculative public encourage workingmen to demand excessive wages, and that these are the signs of the bladder being blown to its utmost limit and premonitory to its bursting. Everyone acquainted with the business concerns of Toronto is aware that the workingmen have demanded, or are demanding, if they have not received, the highest limit of pay possible. The great machinists' strike which is now being discussed in convention here and all over America, and the recurring demands of the industrial classes, all indicate that the ideas of those engaged either as employee or employer in labor pursuits have advanced to the last notch. If the writer in the Philadelphia paper is correct, that great strikes and these inflated notions are the immediate danger signals, the purchasers of additional plant and those who have to do with large factories should look out for the depression, which, even though it may not be here for a year or so, is in the course of the business world's ups and downs pretty nearly due.

**I**T would be a mistake for which the citizens would never forgive themselves should the Toronto Street Railway be empowered to carry freight and build spurs into factories and warehouses at their own sweet will. While a first-class passenger service has been given us, we have not received what the charter promised. Delays in carrying passengers are said to be unavoidable, but nothing but the niggardliness of the Street Car Company is offered as an explanation of the deficiencies; should the city, however, empower the Toronto Railway Company to carry freight, the freight trains which could not find a siding would be everlastingly obtruded by the general manager of the transportation company, the City Engineer, the City Council and the subsidized newspapers, as a reason for the slow delivery of passengers between leading points. The few mistakes that we made in the granting of the charter are apparently irretrievable; certainly let no more be added to the list.

**T**HE growing tendency of the European nations to combine commercially against the United States is not being taken with sufficient seriousness by our neighbors. The following paragraph, from the cleverest paper on the Pacific coast, represents the general idea that the United States is too large, rich and powerful to be opposed by a tariff wall as high and effectual as its own:

"The alarmists do not apparently take into account the fact that the European peoples, like all others, will not willingly be debarrred from purchasing in the cheapest market, be it American or other; that a large proportion of them will rebel against being cut off from participating in the annual billion of dollars which the United States now pays for their goods which we import; and the patent fact that European countries in the future as in the past will have all they can do to watch each other and contrive against encroachments from their own numbers, both military and commercial."

If the people of the United States have been willing to be debarrred from "purchasing in the cheapest market" in order to build up an industrial business of their own, why should not the people of Europe be willing to undergo the same deprivation, particularly as they have really very little to say in the matters of government? It is nonsense to talk about the "large proportion of them who will rebel against being cut off from participating in the billion dollars of Yankee imports." The United States will continue to import even from countries that erect a high tariff wall, just as the European countries have continued to import largely from the highly protected United States. Finally, it is an empty argument to say that "the European coun-



GIRLS OF EGYPT.

"An Unenthusiastic Tourist," introducing Don's Articles on Egypt and Palestine, appears on page 7 of this issue.

house can very well have one head, but it cannot have two; either the man or the woman must be the superior. No matter how carefully the Bible may be expurgated on behalf of the New Women, human nature cannot be trimmed to conform with the ideas of these literary Amazons. The weaker must be met with the gentleness and dependency of the woman, even though she may intend to throw off the disguise as soon as the honeymoon has begun. Men who desire to wed will look for feminine charms, not for a partnership with one of the opposite sex on declaredly equal terms, and up to the time when these New Women declare they become emancipated they will have to follow the old fashions in order to obtain the love, respect and confidence of men.

There is a controversy now going on in some Eastern papers as to whether educated or uneducated women make the best wives, and as to whether the homes of cultivated couples are not less happy than those who have but a common education or none at all. In the West the old discussion is still to be heard as to whether college-bred women are more desirable as wives than those who have been quietly educated at home and the local school. It is to be seriously feared that there is a general restlessness in the Republic, where divorces are so easily obtained, where the birth rate is so low and the expenses of living are so high, and I am sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that these violent speakers who would expurgate the Bible to make it suit their beliefs are primarily to blame for it, while the women who demand all the attention and privileges they ever received from men and yet insist upon equality in every other respect, are carrying the propaganda to its legitimate and unfortunate conclusion.

**T**ALKING about the supremacy which the women of the United States are assuming over their husbands and households, it would be hard to find a more striking

quoted Rev. Mr. Sheldon's story, and insisted upon occupying the place she had prepared for herself. "I can't help that," Mrs. Sheldon is reported as answering. "I did not write that book, and besides, the meal hour is our only time for private conversation." It is unnecessary to say that the servant left, and it may be difficult to explain how in a clergyman's household the time-card for private conversation included nothing but the meal hour. Unfortunately, it is the case that in families unaccustomed to leisure and badly arranged as to privacy, meal time is found to be the only occasion when family disagreements can be aired, private conversations indulged in, and rebukes administered. It is a pity that this is true of many domestic circles. But even if in Rev. Mr. Sheldon's family there was no real good whispering time except over the table-cloth, the "reverend" lady, unless she is maligned, should have tried to carry out the policy which her husband had announced as the only one worthy of domestic use as having Divine recognition. There are so many false tales in the newspapers that until an opportunity has been given for contradiction of a story, one cannot safely use it as a text, but in this instance the telegraphed story is so nearly descriptive of the natural impulses of a woman who feels that, no matter what her husband does, she is entitled to do the exact contrary in her woman's sphere, that it is worth while to remark upon it as a parable if not as a fact.

As I have previously pointed out, some strong-minded women think they show their individuality by openly opposing the politics, religion, and every other phase of what has made the husband successful. It cannot be said that a woman should be a martyr to the views of her husband, but a good old-fashioned wife would try to carry out the ideas which had made her husband popular and successful. The New Woman, it is to be feared, takes none of this sort of thing into consideration. I can appreciate the em-



tries will have to watch one another" so sharply that they will be unable to combine commercially against the country which is in business matters their common enemy. Our friends to the south of us are living to a certain extent in a fool's paradise, feeling safe in the preposterous notion that a tariff which has successfully protected them from Europe cannot be erected by the European countries so as to make the Republic feel as much cut off from the general market as Europe now is.

THE military surgeons of America at the Association meeting in St. Paul, Minn., have passed a resolution which declares "that the abolition of the army post exchange or canteen has resulted, and must inevitably result, in an increase of intemperance, insubordination, discontent, desertion, and disease in the army." It deprecates the abolishing of the "said post exchange or canteen, and in the interest of sanitation, morality and discipline, recommends its re-establishment at the earliest possible date."

This expression of opinion was brought about by the terrible scenes which have occurred outside some of the Western army posts on pay day, when drunkenness and debauchery of all sorts, far outdoing the old canteen days, have been numerous and disgraceful. The great trouble is that Congress is practically the head of the army, making laws for it and controlling it in a manner which is not attempted in other countries where a large military force is maintained. The advice of the best generals and most experienced men was disregarded when the anti-canteen law was passed, and it cannot be wondered that disorganization and drunken rioting are the results. Fanatical temperance people appeal to their Congressmen to vote against the maintenance of a canteen, which is a post store where wine and beer, as well as groceries, are sold. The Congressmen, though he may feel certain that the law is an unwise one, lacks the courage to resist such of his constituents as control a large number of highly respectable votes. Thus the opinions of the unorganized masses of citizens who know nothing about the maintenance of army discipline, control almost directly the handling of the army in the barracks and posts of the United States, many of which are remote from the vision of those who undertake to say how they shall be handled.

Furthermore, the profits from the canteen have almost disappeared since the sale of wine and beer has been prohibited, and as these profits went to the purchase of vegetables, canned goods and sweets to vary the diet of the soldiery, discontent has been loudly voiced in consequence. No doubt the United States soldiers are the best fed soldiers in the world, but the lack of these delicacies of the season and the locality, which they see enjoyed by outsiders, is very aggravating. The post library was also supported by the profits of the canteen, and complaint is being made that no new books are being added. Congress will either have to restore the canteen to the men or else make provision for the delicacies of which the men have been deprived, and supply new books for the libraries as well. This would be carrying military paternalism to an extent hitherto unknown, and the men would perhaps be so pampered and habited that desertions, which have of late become so frequent, would still increase in number. The first experiment of letting the multitude manage the military is certainly resulting in disaster.

THE precise meaning of the judgment of the United States Supreme Court in the "Insular cases" seemed for a time to be as full of doubt as the recent prognostications of Old Probs. On the one hand is Bryan declaring that the result will practically be to make an emperor of President McKinley, while on the other hand the press and leaders of the Republican party contend that the judgment involves no such absurd issue, but will merely have the effect of giving Congress power to deal with present and future dependencies "without being hampered by the tariff limitations of the Constitution." In common parlance the court decides that the Constitution does not "follow the flag." This is precisely the decision that the anti-expansionists have most feared, and that the late President Harrison attempted to show the danger of in his famous Ann Arbor address following the last Presidential election. The Constitution of the United States declares that "all duties, imports and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." At last session of Congress an Act was passed, known as the Foraker Act, which set up a tariff between Porto Rico and the United States. The gist of the Supreme Court's decision is that this Act is unconstitutional. There can be no doubt that this is the most far-reaching judgment proceeding in several decades from the august body which interprets the Constitution of the United States, and has power to review the acts of both the legislative and executive branches of Government in that country. Some confusion was caused at first as to the meaning of the court, owing to another but contemporaneous decision in a different case, declaring unconstitutional the first tariff between Porto Rico and the United States, after the transfer of the island and before the Foraker Act took effect.

It is noteworthy that the opinion which has prevailed was adopted by the court by the close vote of four to five, and probably the weight of learning and ability, in the persons of Chief Justice Fuller, Justices Harlan, Brewer and Peckham, was cast into the scale in favor of the losing contention. The Chief Justice, in dissenting from the majority view, said he could not accept the idea that even after a territory was organized "Congress has the power to keep it like a disembodied shade, in an intermediate state of ambiguous existence for an indefinite period, and more than that, after it has been called from that limbo, commerce with it is absolutely subject to the will of Congress, irrespective of Constitutional provisions."

Canadians are not particularly concerned with the detailed working out of the new state of affairs in the United States. But the decision of the Court is of interest here, as throughout the whole world, as showing that the expansionist microbe has taken firm hold on the hitherto most self-centered power in the universe outside of China. The Supreme Court decision removes the last vestige of hope of the anti-expansionist people, and means that imperialism has come to stay good and hard in "American" affairs.

THE late Dr. G. L. Mackay—"Formosa" Mackay—has died in harness, and everywhere, and by all denominations, his work as a missionary is unstintingly praised. It seems moderately certain that if all the representatives of Christianity in what we are pleased to term heathen lands, had conducted themselves with the tact, good sense, moderation, and zeal for their Master that appear to have inspired the life of "Formosa" Mackay, there would not only be little ground for criticism of foreign missions, but this class of work would command ten times the support, financial and sentimental, now forthcoming. "Saturday Night" has often been misrepresented as bitterly cynical and hostile towards all missionary effort. This paper certainly has denounced the pharisaical self-complacency of those who imagine they have an absolute monopoly of truth and righteousness, and that there is no good thing in systems of ethics and types of civilization that have stood the test of time much longer than anything we have to offer in their place. It may be admitted that Buddhism, Confucianism and the other religions of the East are not on a plane with Christianity, yet we should have a care lest we destroy these and leave nothing in their stead. "Saturday Night" has criticized the missionaries when they have relied upon the fleshly arm to advance a spiritual cause, and when, instead of giving the "poor, benighted heathen" an object lesson in unworldliness, they have surrendered to the siren voices of luxurious living and the thirst for gain. From the faults which, unfortunately, have blasted much of the missionary effort of the day, the work of the late Dr. Mackay in Formosa appears to have been singularly free since its very inception.

Here was a man who identified himself completely with the people amongst whom he dwelt; who in the course of thirty years of hard work only took two furloughs; who allayed trouble and forestalled disorder by avoiding

even a semblance of any alliance with the civil power. Dr. Mackay seems to have accomplished perfectly marvelous results in Formosa—results that by contrast with the imperceptible progress of Christianity on the mainland of China, or in India, suggest that he knew his business better than any other missionary in the whole of the Far East. Doubtless a large part of Dr. Mackay's influence was due to his having married a native woman and raised a family of children whom he frankly brought up, not as Europeans, but as Chinese. I confess I would not care, were I a missionary, to be compelled to resort to this expedient in order to win souls. Yet the zeal and devotion of the man who was able to merge even his family ties into those of the community where he worked, must be acknowledged to be praiseworthy. If the Christian world really desires and expects to proselytize the East, Dr. Mackay's methods must doubtless be followed more and more. He made Formosa his home—his country. How many of the young men and women who go out to China or India go with the intention of becoming fixtures in those lands?

Even those who, like myself, are not enthusiastic over the desirability or prospect of disturbing the old religions of the East, unless we are sure we can put something better in their place, can join in the tributes to the character of the young Scotch Canadian who went into a savage island undaunted by difficulty or danger and labored there in such complete singleness of purpose and forgetfulness of the world that he revolutionized it in the short period of thirty years.

#### Social and Personal.

THE crowning June wedding took place in Hamilton on Wednesday, when Captain William Hendrie of Holmsted and Miss Lily Brown, daughter of Mr. Adam Brown, were married at the Church of the Ascension by His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara, assisted by Very Rev. Dean Innes of St. Paul's, London, and the rector, Rev. W. H. Wade. Arches of horse-chestnut blossoms and Guelder roses spanned the aisle and screened the chancel, and stood in rich sheaves interspersed with white lilies, at the doors of the pews. At half-past three the bride's procession entered. Miss Hay and Miss Braithwaite, nieces of the groom, as little flower-girls, led, and then Miss Enid Hendrie, as first bridesmaid, Miss Buchanan of Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Miss Carrie Crerar, Miss Belle McDonald, and Miss Edith Wood, as bridesmaids, and Miss Phyllis Hendrie, as maid of honor, preceded the handsome bride, while the choir sang "The voice that breathed o'er Eden." The robe de noce was a magnificent white moire brocade, en train, with bertha of rare old point lace. A crown of orange blossoms and a lace veil were worn, and a sheaf of Easter lilies tied with broad white ribbons was the appropriate bouquet. The maids wore white pin-dot mousseline with white lace and satin belts, each pinned with a gold dirk set in Scotch pebbles, the gifts of the groom. White tulle Gainsborough hats with plumes and sheaves of purple lilies tied with blue ribbons completed their charming costumes. The little maidens wore garlands of pink rosebuds. Mr. George M. Hendrie of Detroit, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Messrs. T. Hillhouse Brown, Arthur W. Brown, Murray Hendrie, Toronto; Walter Simpson Smith, London; Campbell Becher, London; Harry Patterson, Jack Counsell, Allen Glasco, and Ralph Bruce. Among the near relatives of the bride at the ceremony were Mrs. Ernest Brown Smith, London, wearing a gown of blue Irish poplin with flounces of old Brussels applique and stripes of black velvet, a Gainsborough hat of black tulle and feathers, and carrying a sheaf of daisies; Mrs. J. Harley Brown, of London, wearing yellow satin merveilleux, with a large picture hat of black tulle; Mrs. George McLaren Brown of Vancouver, wearing a gown of grey silk voile, with lace insertion and touches of lavender, a picture hat of dewdrop tulle, and large bouquet of lavender sweet peas; Mrs. W. Evatt Brown of Toronto, in a costume of black and white satin foulard and black chiffon hat; Mrs. Hendrie, mother of the groom, wore a pale blue voile gown with silver trimmings and pale blue hat to match; Miss Hendrie, in a pale blue Paris-made tulle costume and a Tuscan straw hat with white plumes; Mrs. Geo. M. Hendrie of Detroit in a pale grey crepe de chine gown with black lace trimming and a grey bonnet; Mrs. John S. Hendrie of Hamilton, wearing a blue crepe gown, trimmed with black lace and accented with a bouquet of American Beauty roses; Mrs. Strathearn Hendrie of Detroit, in a tan berce costume, trimmed with chiffon and embroidered with batiste lace, a blue hat with wreath of pink roses, and carrying American Beauty roses; Miss Hendrie of Detroit, in a pale blue crepe costume, with hat of pink roses; Mrs. Hay of Toronto, pale silver grey gown with hat to match; Miss Jessie Hendrie of Detroit, all white lace costume with pink hat; Mrs. Bethune Duffield, Mrs. Wetmore Hunt, and Mrs. Henry Russell of Detroit, all in white. A reception and breakfast at Bowbrook followed the ceremony, after which Mrs. William Hendrie changed her exquisite bridal robe for a yellow and brown travelling costume of India raw silk, ceru lace, and panne velvet, wearing her bridegroom's racing colors. A brown picture hat went beautifully with her smart gown. The gifts, as may easily be imagined, were most exquisite. Mrs. McLaren sang a grand solo from Lohengrin, "Hail the Bride," at the church during the service.

Miss Virginia Vail is visiting Miss Buchanan, and was a pretty guest in a box at the Mansfield performance on Tuesday evening. Miss Oakley, principal of the Royal Victoria College for Women, Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Parkin at Upper Canada College.

Mrs. Nordheimer gave a dance for some Old Country guests who are visiting at Glenedyth, on Wednesday evening, to which a very bright party of young people were bidden. The hostess received in black velvet, and the Misses Nordheimer were very beautifully gowned in pink and blue frocks. Miss Estelle wore white, as did dainty little Miss Phyllis. Miss Rossin, their pretty Hamburg guest, wore white touched with pale blue velvet. Mrs. Rossin wore olive velvet, and a handsome English guest, Mrs. Waterloo, and her two stepdaughters, were very welcome additions to the party, the elder lady in a very handsome spangled robe over white satin. The garden paths, summer houses, and all the pretty grounds about Glenedyth were hung with Chinese lanterns, and the house decorated profusely with flowers, the supper table being especially well done with American Beauty roses and feathery green.

On June 4 at one o'clock the marriage of Mr. Alexander Macpherson and Miss Jean Miln took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Miln, 40 Division street, Rev. Armstrong Black officiating. Mr. Miln gave away the bride, who wore a dainty and lovely gown of white chiffon over white silk, with many frills edged with baby ribbon, a tulle veil and lily of the valley. Miss Belle Miln was her sister's bridesmaid, and looked extremely pretty in a frock of yellow chiffon and bisque hat, which was most smart and becoming, and carried deep red roses. Mr. D. D. Hawthorn was best man. The residence was crowded with guests, and the bride and groom received most hearty congratulations, and after the wedding breakfast left on the "Toronto" for a tour down the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec. On their return they will spend the summer at Center Island.

On Thursday morning, June 6, at eleven o'clock, the marriage of Mr. Frank Dilmur Woodworth and Miss Mercy Corinith Morrison, daughter of Mr. Llewellyn A. Morrison, took place in the Metropolitan Church, Rev. R. P. Bowles officiating. A reception was held for the bride and groom at the Temple Cafe, and they left for Montreal and Ottawa in the evening. Miss Morrison's wedding dress was of white India silk, trimmed with satin ribbons; a Duchesse lace collar, and tulle veil and orange blossoms were worn. The maid of honor, Miss Irene Morrison,

wore pale blue over white silk, with Valenciennes lace trimmings. Miss Thompson, the bridesmaid, wore blue and white organdie, touched with black velvet ribbons, and a black chiffon hat. Captain Hugh A. Rose of Welland was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Charles Kerr of Toronto, and Mr. Frank Morin of Welland. The bride went away in a sage green Venetian cloth gown, with white corded silk blouse, and wore a Tuscan hat with roses. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Woodworth, Princeton; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Crow, Niagara Falls; Miss Ina G. Smyth, Merritt; Mr. and Mrs. Vandervoort, Toronto; Miss Nelle Moulthrop, North East, Pa.; Mrs. O. O. Davis, Corry, Pa.; G. J. McArthur, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Elmore, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Munro, Mr. W. J. West, Mrs. W. K. Snider, Mrs. R. C. Wickware, Mrs. R. A. Mitchell, Mrs. W. J. Morrison, Miss Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. James Curry.

The following persons have arrived to occupy their summer residences at Gananoque, Thousand Islands: H. M. Mowat, K.C., and Mrs. Mowat, of Toronto; J. M. Underwood and party of Newark, N.J.; S. Finlay and party of Montreal, Mrs. Byron and family of Ottawa, Mrs. Wm. Byers and family of Montreal, Mr. Williams of Florida. The new houses of Dr. E. L. Atkinson, W. T. Sampson and Gordon MacDonald are nearly completed and the owners will soon be in occupation. Mr. C. J. Mercer and family of New York, and Mr. Dixon of Texas, and the Misses Wallace of New Jersey are expected this week. The American Canoe Association meet, August 9th to 23rd, will be held on one of the prettiest of the adjacent islands and will attract the usual pleasant gathering. Mr. H. W. Barber of Toronto has taken a cottage for the summer and will arrive about 1st July. The Inn will open on June 15th under the management of Mr. Amer of the Criterion Hotel, New York.

On Wednesday evening a large gathering of some two hundred invited guests witnessed the marriage of Mr. Edward A. Hoberlin and Miss Adeline Louise Everist at the handsome residence of the bride's father in Dowling avenue, Parkdale. Bishop Willson of Metuchen, New York, uncle of the groom, was the officiating minister, assisted by Rev. Mr. Rankin of Dunn avenue, and Professor Wallace. Miss Everist wore a very pretty wedding dress of white mousseline de soie over white satin, with a Brussels net veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. She was brought in by her father, the orchestra playing the Lohengrin bridal music, and was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Edith Everist, her sister, and Miss Ethelinda Minnis. They wore frocks of India lawn, over pink and blue slips, and a tiny flower girl, Miss Edith Williams, a lovely little fairy of three years, with a huge basket of roses, preceded the bride to the room. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room, where garlands of smilax and white roses swung over the heads of the bridal party. The breakfast was served in a huge marquee and the guests were seated at long banquet tables decked with pink roses. The immense wedding cake was on a cross table arranged for the bridal party. A flash-light picture was taken of the scene, which was a very pretty and merry one. The venerable Bishop was a much honored guest. The best man was Mr. Dalton, and the bride's usher Mr. Reid. The groom presented the bridesmaids and flower girl with pretty pearl pins. Mr. and Mrs. Hoberlin held a reception and received congratulations from their friends and after the banquet left for the States for their honeymoon, the bride going away in a blue cloth and silk costume and chiffon hat to match. She will receive on the first Tuesday and Wednesday in July at 135 North Beaconsfield avenue.

The president of the Canadian Society of Authors and Mrs. Ross gave an evening reception at the Speaker's chambers on Thursday in honor of Canada's poet, Dr. Louis Frechette. A most enjoyable reunion was this, and most interesting to all.

Last evening Miss Veals gave an At Home at Glen Mawr. Yesterday afternoon a garden party was on the tapis at Varsity, when the rulers of that magnificent pile gave a reception at which very distinguished guests were, at time of writing, expected.

Next Saturday Upper Canada College will be the scene of a celebration of the tenth anniversary of the college removal and of the Old Boys' Association. A cricket match, the tennis finals for the House championship, a garden party from 3 to 6.30, and at five o'clock the laying of the corner-stone of the new preparatory building, the stone being taken from the old college in King street west, constitute the very full programme for the day.

On Wednesday Mrs. Parkin gave a very nice tea in honor of a visiting friend, and the lovely weather was also enjoyed by a party of friends who responded to her invitation.

During the month of July Mr. McGillivray Knowles will conduct an out-door sketching class in the locality of picturesque Thorold. Mrs. Knowles will accompany the students, and the near proximity of Buffalo will enable them to spend off days at the Exposition nicely.

The employees of the Canada Permanent and Western Canada presented Mr. Rundle with a piece of bronze on the eve of his marriage. Mr. Walter S. Lee made the presentation.

Lord Minto received an honorary degree from the University of Toronto at Commencement yesterday.

Mrs. Wallace Jones has returned some time since from St. Catharines. Mrs. Angus MacMurchy has gone to visit her parents at Port Hope.

The marriage of Mr. Frank Lillie of Rosedale and Miss Maud L. Wyman of Yarmouth, N.S., took place on Wednesday at Holy Trinity Church, Yarmouth. Toronto friends sent many good wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason returned from Chief's Island last Saturday. The family party is now there, and Mr. and Mrs. Mason will return later. Mrs. Mason is expecting a Southern visitor, Mrs. Adley, shortly. I hear the young son of Ermeleigh has been doing very well at college.

#### De-col-i-tay.

As the years keep piling on us, yet we claim that we are young. And the term "old man" indignantly resent! We are active in our movements, and are frisky with the tongue. And a lot of time before the glass is spent. We may think the tricks of toilet make us look like youngish men. Preparations to prevent us turning grey. But the cat jumps from the burlap, and the truth's apparent when we begin to wear our hair de-col-i-tay!

There is not the least attraction in a nude and ghastly head. Though 'tis polished till it shines with brilliant sheen. Not a smile is wasted on it, save the ones so freely shed. O'er the footlights by the comic opera queen. 'Tis an exhibition fruitful for the punster's pointed pen. That exudes its sap of fun day after day—Oh! they have no heart or mercy for the ageing fellow when

He begins to wear his hair de-col-i-tay!

—James Barton Adams, in the Denver "Post."



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## Social and Personal.

THE only really fine day of the week which closed the race meet of 1901 came too late to recoup the Jockey Club for the abominable wet weather which prevailed during May. On Saturday last there were many absentees from the ranks of the "sporty," and many who attended the races were suffering from more or less severe colds. Major Forester was knocked out altogether with a violent attack of neuralgia, and Mrs. Forester stayed at home to nurse him. Her game little stepph-chaser, Arrezo, again won the race, and a thoughtful friend at once telephoned the news to her. The Stanley Barracks turnout, which has brought down very smart little parties this week, was in service again, and any number of handsome carriages, filled with radiant women in bright frocks, drove along the lakeside road to the race-track. Several visitors turned up for the first time, among them a family party from Hamburg, Germany, including Mr. and Mrs. Rossin and their pretty young daughter. Mr. Rossin is a Toronto man, but has been abroad for nearly forty years. The party were the guests of their relative, Mr. Nordheimer of Glenora, and Mr. Rossin could not sufficiently express his surprise at Toronto's summer beauty.

Mrs. Robert Cartwright, who has been in town for the international marriage of last Saturday, has returned to Ottawa. Colonel Cartwright has still some little reminders of the South African campaign in impaired strength, but is getting on well, and Mrs. Cartwright received many congratulations on his promotion. On July 1, Colonel Cartwright will take charge of thirty officers and non-coms, under canvas at Rockcliffe ranges, for a six weeks' course of musketry instruction.

Haverall College will have an At Home next Friday evening, for which Miss Knox has sent out invitations. Miss Ida Field is to spend the summer in Germany. Miss Veals received at Glen Mawr last evening. Miss Boyd of Macdonald, who has been visiting at Eastlawn, has returned home. Miss Pioneer Karm of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Robert Wilkes, Thistle-dale, 118 Bloor street east. She came to town for Miss Dignam's wedding. Miss McAvity, who has been a bright and popular guest in Mrs. McLeod's family circle, has returned to her home in St. John, N.B. Mrs. McLeod went abroad last week until the autumn.

The usual rush of June weddings has set in, on Saturday, June 1, no less than four which interested smart circles being on the tapis, and half a dozen more have been scattered through this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Foster are to reside permanently in Toronto, and have taken a house in Rosedale. This will be welcome news to a good many persons who love and admire the clever little wife of the ex-Cabinet Minister, and to all who know of her gifts and interest in all progressive and helpful enterprises.

One of the brightest little visitors to the Woodbine was Miss Edith Kerr, daughter of Senator Kerr of Cobourg, who is paying a visit to her brother, Mr. C. W. Kerr of 19 Roxborough street east.

The usual garden party at the See House during the session of the Synod will be given by His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman on Wednesday afternoon next, June 12.

Sir Percy Givens, the much-honored young Canadian, and Mr. Arthur Gulse, Controller of the Vice-Regal household, have arrived in Ottawa from England.

Lady Tilley has gone to Ottawa, en route for St. Andrew's, N.B., where she has a summer residence. St. Andrew's is an ideal resort, with the finest golf links in Canada, an enthusiast tells me.

Mrs. Douglas Young has returned to London. Miss Stikeman is visiting Mrs. Stikeman of Russell street. Miss Elizabeth King is visiting friends in New York.

Mrs. Howland and Miss Winifred Howland arrived from Europe this week and are en pension at Mrs. Ferguson's, Bloor street east. Principal and Mrs. Manley received at Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute yesterday afternoon the friends who came to witness the inspection of the Cadet Corps. Refreshments were served at half-past five.

The Argonaut At Home this afternoon will be the great attraction to the

young set, and many of the older ones, too, who will enjoy the races and the dainty refreshments in the gymnasium.

The prize day and garden party at St. Andrew's College on June 25 will be an interesting reunion, and the very great success of the college will be again demonstrated to hosts of interested friends.

At St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, on June 4, the marriage of Miss Ethel Boswell Tate, daughter of the late Thomas Fielding Tate, and Mr. George Colman Biggar, Toronto, was solemnized by Rev. Canon Sprague. The church was beautifully decorated. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Gertrude Tate, as maid of honor, three daintily-gowned bridesmaids, and a page. The wedding gown was white duchesse satin, beautifully trimmed with rose point lace. The maid of honor wore a gown of mousseline de soie in pastel shades of pink and green, and a large Gainsborough hat, and carried pink roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Ella Shoenberger, Miss Sarah Shoenberger and Miss Isabella Burton, were dressed in white, with pink sashes, and wore white hats, and carried bouquets of pink sweet peas. The best man was Mr. Mosvat Biggar, Toronto, nephew of the groom. The ushers were Dr. Harold Parsons, Mr. H. Baines, Mr. J. Crusoe, and Mr. D. Sherman, all of Toronto. At the conclusion of the church ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Shoenberger.

Last Friday evening two very pleasant dinners were given. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave one at Yeaton Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Coulson at their handsome home in Beverley street. Several other and smaller dinners were given on the last three evenings of the race week.

Sir William Hingston has received a special decoration from the Pope for his eminent ability and good work. Sir William was missed from the Woodbine this spring. Last year both he and Lady Hingston came up from Montreal and attended the races during their visit.

Mr. Reginald Temple and Mr. Stuart Wilkie sailed for England this week. Mr. Temple is, I believe, to proceed to South Africa, but Mr. Wilkie will return to Toronto in September.

The last and greatest scenic marvel presented at the Grand for the season was Mansfield's Henry V., and the audience was worthy of the play, or rather the magnificent tableaux with interludes of speech. From shortly after seven the crowd awaited the opening of the doors, and soon filled every seat, every box, every place where a human creature could perch, and still many were sent away. The Government House box held Mr. Kirkland, Miss Buchanan and Mr. Mitchell; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Major and Mrs. Brock and Miss Cawthra were in the stage box. Upstairs were bright parties of ladies and gentlemen in every box. The stalls were packed with a representative society audience, and the interest in the spectacle was sustained. The incidental music was much appreciated.

Miss Ward of Brockville is this week the guest of Mrs. George of Maple avenue. On Monday Mrs. George gave a small afternoon tea to a few artistic friends, at which Miss Adamson played beautifully.

Last Friday evening Major and Mrs. Greville Harston gave an evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Owens of Chambliss, who have been spending a fortnight in town at the Queen's Hotel. Some very choice music was the entertainment. Miss Hungerford, Miss Helen Law, Mr. Frank Anglin and Major Greville Harston sang. Supper was nicely served, and everyone much enjoyed the evening. Major and Mrs. Greville Harston being always most cordial and successful hosts. Among the guests were Mrs. and Miss Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Montague Adamson, Miss Marie Macdonell, Major Archie Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Miss Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. W. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Montgomery, Miss Miller, Mr. VanKoughnet, Captain Mason, Mr. Lamont, Mr. C. Labatt and Mr. Frank Payne.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Mr. Hanbury Budden of Montreal and Miss Fannie Small, daughter of the late Dr. Small of Toronto, which will take place on Wednesday, June 26, at half-past three o'clock.

Mrs. James Henderson of Rosedale has issued invitations to a garden party on June 20. Mr. and Mrs. Barker and their family, of Cecil street, are to spend the summer at Center Island, where they have taken a pretty house near the Yacht Club. Miss Fitzpatrick of Quebec, who has been the guest of Mrs. G. P. Magann at Thornhurst, has returned home.

Dr. and Mrs. Holford Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Brefney O'Reilly and Mr. Jack Creelman are at the Tadenac Club, Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Wynn, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Machray and Mrs. VanKoughnet have gone abroad. They sailed on Saturday last.

On Tuesday next, at the Church of the Ascension, Mr. Edgar Roy of Niagara Falls, N.Y., son of Rev. Dr. Roy, rector of the Anglican church at that place, and Miss Clara Fahey, daughter of Mr. William Fahey of 189 John street, are to be married. Rev. Mr. Kuhring will be assisted in officiating by the father of the groom.

Captain Fred Lister has been spending a few days in Ottawa.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Tuesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. J. W. Flavell, of Jarvis street, when Miss Ada Louise Dundas, daughter of the late Mr. J. B. Dundas, ex-M.P., of North Victoria, was married to Mr. William Edward Rundle,

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## An Interrupted Log.

For SATURDAY NIGHT  
By STAMBUY R. TARR.

**M**ONDAY, April 16, 1900.—This log is begun only at the opportunity of Charlotte. Her partiality has described in me a latent literary talent—so latent that I assure her she will always keep one secret at least from her most intimate friends.

Members of the Civil Service at Ottawa have achieved fame in letters. I am chief clerk in a certain department. Ergo—

Such is the logic of Charlotte. I left the Capital by C.P.R. train at 1.30 this afternoon, possessor of six weeks' leave of absence, in which to transform A. Parshul Reck, Esq., (victim of la grippe), into his former self—plain and portly Peter Robertson, aetat forty-one. Journey to Montreal uneventful, except for a pleasant and to him, instructive chat with Senator K—. Topics: Expansion, Anglo-Saxon destiny, the latest novel, and general chaos—as exemplified in the opposite party, sir.

**TUESDAY, 17th.**—Before sunrise I pulled up my blind and gazed from the sleeper upon a glorious scene. The sun was beginning to tinge the horizon with gold, and soon there came across the clear gray blue of the morning sky. We were running close to Lake Meusehead, forty miles long, but narrow. Its quiet surface was dotted with islands, and beyond the shore rose a range of undulating hills. From between two of these the molten gold seemed to be pouring into the lake. (N.B. to Charlotte and others—This descriptive literature is fatiguing to the writer. What must it prove to the reader?)

Later, a young man attired in white presented me with his card, from which I chose a moderate breakfast involving a less moderate bill. The afore-said Senator partook of an immoderate meal at what he evidently considered a moderate price, judging from the complacent air with which he paid both bill and tip. But there is always satisfaction in spending generously one's hard-earned money.

Very short stay in St. John, N.B., giving no time to see the city itself, especially as we arrived during a usual fog. We managed to find the docks and boarded the Loanda, outward-bound for British Guiana.

**WEDNESDAY, 18th.**—Fog, Fog, Fog! (capital F always)—all-pervading fog. We struck a sand-bar while getting into Yarmouth, on which we stayed until high tide, as a matter of course. In fine weather this quaint fishing town must be charming, with its hawthorn hedges, rich lawns and old-fashioned gardens. To-day one must take these for granted.

After all, though, there is a friendliness about this fog as it wraps one in a garment of aerated dew, caressing as closely and softly as swansdown. I can almost understand how these maritime folk are proud of their fog. It is something distinctive, at least.

(N.B.—If Father Neptune claims me as temporary victim there may be a blank of some days in this narrative.) **FRIDAY, 20th.**—This is Charlotte's birthday. I'll not enter her age here, but just say "Many happy returns."

I've not been sick—strange but true. But it is too rough to write with comfort. Most of the eleven passengers appeared at breakfast yesterday, but only four at dinner, and to-night just two came to table. These were a young woman and myself. Luckily (as anyone who knows my limitations in table-talk will agree) her seat is at the diagonal corner from mine. I wish some of those land-lubbers would recover sufficiently for a game of whist. It would be a relief, too, if there were someone at table with whom to exchange complaints on the bread and the awful gravies. I haven't plucked up courage to grumble aloud, with only the captain as audience. He is Scotch—likewise the first engineer, of course. Ditto the second—et cetera.

**SATURDAY, 21st.**—It was the bread that opened up acquaintance. I noticed her struggling with the doughy mass at breakfast to-day, and must have had an expression of amused sympathy in my green-gray eye. Anyhow, she smiled frankly in return. On the way up we interchanged a remark or two about the stuff, and agreed wonderfully concerning it. After dinner I followed up the morning's conversation with a comment or two upon the lardy gravy. "One misses home comforts," I remarked sady, to which she assented.

Certainly, unless someone pulls out from the slough of despond I shall be obliged to begin a paternal friendliness with the girl opposite.

**SUNDAY, 22nd.**—Rose this morning away before sunrise. Was well repaid with the sight of the brilliant southern stars glittering over so angry a sea. The rising of the sun was a sight never to be forgotten. Almost as quickly as darkness had followed his disappearance the night before (there is really no twilight) came the full Sabbath day, overflowing the momentary tints of dawn. For hours one can gaze without weariness upon this sunlit sky and sea—two expanses of contrasting blue. The deep marine tones relieved everywhere by the restless whitecaps, and the lighter blue overhead flecked with the scudding clouds.

"There go some flying-fish!"

Aroused from my musings, I turned to find my table companion at the rail beside me. This time, in consideration of my age and settled state in life, I introduced myself, and found her name to be Lighthall—Helen Lighthall, she frankly added. I like that Helen—the name, of course—both it and Charlotte are an old-fashioned, sensible sort. I said as much to her, telling her, too, about my being looked after when at home by a person of the latter name.

"No such bread there, I assure you," I added, laughing.

I proposed a turn about the deck, and Helen (I'm going to call her such on paper—she's a mere girl) readily assented. Then, as a matter of course, followed references to her trip. She

is going to visit her only brother, at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, where he is engaged in the shipping trade. Indeed, she gave me quite a history of herself.

She is certainly frankness personified, and we are already the best of friends. **MONDAY, 23rd.**—Three men have recovered their two ladies, but I don't find the former as companionable a sort as I hoped. In fact, my first acquaintance is a better fellow than any of them. You can't help a contempt of a man who gets deathly sick over nothing. That is, when you happen to keep on your legs yourself. And when you are not so fortunate, you hate the man who is.

Helen had a slight sore throat to-day, so I gave her some stiff of Charlotte's. When she heard of whose providing it was, she remarked: "How careful a guardian angel!" "The best man ever had," I said, and meant it.

"I'd love to see her." At this I pulled out my watch, inside the case of which I carry a photo of Charlotte. "Oh, what a lovely face!" was the sincerely given verdict. And then followed a half-comical look at the contrast afforded in mine. But I did not mind that.

Shortly afterwards we sighted Bermuda Light, and before long had shipped our pilot. Approaching the islands on the east to avoid coral reefs, we steamed round to the north and west, keeping close enough to shore to command a splendid view. The sky shows its clearest blue. The calm water is of a bluish green. The shores are luxuriantly clothed with foliage, through which gleam the lime-washed coral buildings.

**SUNDAY, 24th.**—Nearly a week since my last entry. I hardly know why except that laziness has seized me among these glorious summer isles. We have left the Bermudas far behind us and are now amid the Caribbees. We have passed lonely Sombbrero, treeless Anguilla, and towering St. Martin. Near the latter, of which the historian Davies said over two centuries ago: "Such as are inclined to solitude cannot dispose themselves to a fitter place than this is." Words as true to-day as when written. Then we passed between St. Eustatius and Saba, two majestic cones rising abruptly from the blue waters. About 10 o'clock to-night we ran beneath the shadows of the cliffs of St. Christopher, and, after skirting the shore for over an hour, have just anchored in the harbor of Basseterre.

To-morrow I have promised to take Helen ashore in a "bumboat," that characteristic West Indian institution. **MONDAY, 30th.**—A glorious morning. I never see such dawn at home. In fact, I seldom see any sort. Just behind the town rises Monkey Hill; nearer the shore is Brimston Hill. Back of these is tier upon tier of loftier summits—rugged, cloud-capped Misery crowning all. As the sun appears, these mountains light up one by one. Next, the tops of the sugar chimneys are gilded. And then the masts and rigging of the ships in harbor.

My early awakening had been brought about by a babel of voices, that seemed on all sides. Upon reaching the deck I was greeted with a fusillade of shouts from a fleet of small boats completely surrounding the steamer. These were the "bumboats," as Helen and some of the other passengers appeared on deck the noise was increased, if that be possible. Such a congregation of traffickers surely greets the traveler nowhere else. Sellers of fruit, coral, flowers, shells and what not; washerwomen and ferry-men—all gesticulating as wildly as they shouted. "Get out, you nigger," cried one. "Massa won't trust you!" "Do you washin', missy?" shrilled a buxom Dinah. "Heath's your best fruit, sah," asserted another. "Cushions an' carpets in this boat, massa dear." Such cries, with hundreds more, deafened our ears. One wondered that no bloodshed came of the rivalry. An occasional upset seemed the limit, and this meant nothing to these amphibians except a probable loss of stock-in-trade.

I bought oranges, bananas, pine apples, soursops and about ten other varieties of fruit—some not delicious, I also arranged for the owner of a celebrated "bumboat" to come after breakfast, as the passengers are getting up an excursion "on shore." Am scribbling this entry while waiting for him. It will scarcely do to show this log to Charlotte after all. If she has one fault it is a tinge of jealousy. I must admit that Helen does figure rather prominently in these notes of late. However, I may as well continue my scribbling, now they are under way. **SAME, 10 p.m.**—St. Kitts (the island is usually called) is quite the most beautiful spot in the world. The town of Basseterre we did not find so attractive—a few fine public buildings and residences fall to offset the hundreds of hovels that provide shelter for the negro population. But nothing can surpass the loveliness of the view from any of the knolls just outside the city. Stretching plains are dotted by cool deep groves of mangoes, tamarinds and orange trees. Picturesque farm-houses cluster here and there beneath the shade of palms and amid brilliantly flowering shrubs. Narrow lanes intersect in every direction, walled in by prickly hedges, with occasionally a tall aloë bearing its great crown of color. Beyond the cliffs, across the glittering strait, the cloud-topped head of Nevis looks down upon it all.

As we drank in the beauty of this scene not a word was spoken for many minutes. The others who had come ashore were some distance ahead of us. The spell was broken by a sigh from Helen. It was the half-resigned sigh which poor humanity gives in realizing that its capacity for enjoying infinite beauty is only finite.

"I feel that way, too," I said, quietly. "I was wishing I could stay here forever," she said, following the horizon with her eyes, as though to let no

possible beauty escape her.

"And I too, little girl," I added fervently. She gave me a startled glance, and suggested catching up with the rest of the party. For the rest of the excursion she seemed to avoid me. I wonder did she read my hidden meaning? Hidden from myself, I believe, until I had spoken—but plain enough now. The thought of Charlotte should check me, after all these years spent together. Somehow it does not.

Poor Charlotte—and, perhaps, poor me.

1.15 a.m., **TUESDAY, MAY 1st.**—I am not sure, but I believe I have been sitting here for over half an hour, in a condition bordering upon complete idiocy. Just how far I am inside the bounds of sanity even now, I am not at all certain.

However, I have calmed sufficiently to refrain from calling myself a blanked fool more than twice to the minute. As to how I shall ever get matters explained I have not the slightest idea.

It might strike others as a joke, but I'll be dashed if I can see it in that light.

To-night—or last night, I should say, as it's morning now—I went up on deck to look at the Southern Cross before turning in. Also to think about the day's excursion and Helen.

She was already on deck, and alone. I don't know just what I said or how I said it, but of a sudden a face strangely white and eyes ablaze with scorn were turned towards me.

"Have you forgotten Charlotte?" she exclaimed, in hot contempt. I was too dazed to realize her full meaning.

"Charlotte be blessed," I said angrily, and I admit, most rudely. "Sir, I remember you are a married man—and a cad, if you forget it." She turned quickly away, and I did not follow.

I doubt if that determined little mouth had ever framed the word before. Certainly in its unusualness it contained nothing short of a world of scorn and angry dignity.

The next thing I remember is sitting here—and swearing softly to, and at, myself.

A married man! Shade of St. Benedict of what grim joke of thine am I the victim? To think that girl has thought Charlotte my wife. I supposed I had informed her dozens of times that I lived with my unmarried sister. I have so taken for granted the evidences of my crusty bachelorhood that I must never really have explained. Unrivaled as that I am.

It might seem an easy matter to do now. But I know, just as well as woman is woman, that she will never recognize me by so much as a glance—let alone give me any chance to address one word. As for a note, she must know it to be from me—who else on board would write it?—and that would mean its remaining unopened. I can't face the other passengers with the consciousness that they are noticing Miss Lighthall's ignoring of my presence. I don't think she would tell them the reason, but they have plenty of leisure to manufacture all sorts of unpleasant theories.

I see nothing for it but to pretend illness. After all my ill-disguised contempt for the other passengers' sickness, it will have to be the heat on shore yesterday that caused it.

**TUESDAY, NOON.**—The steward informs me that Miss Lighthall is also reported as unable to leave her cabin. I have decided to appear at lunch. Wonder if she will play the hermit until we reach Barbadoes. I have thought of a plan. It is this: To address a letter to her brother, frankly explaining the mistake that has been made, and asking him as a favor to a complete stranger to tender my apologies to his sister. This I shall send ashore to be posted when we reach Barbadoes. Without directly asking him to reply, I can mention the name of the Leaning Call at Bridgetown again on her return voyage.

Of course, I have banished every hope of ever meeting Helen again, but at least this promises some chance of informing her that I am not altogether a "cad."

**SUNDAY, 6th.**—Hurrah! Just back to Barbadoes; find letter from James Lighthall, and a note from his wife, actually asking me to call.

**SAME, 11.45 p.m.**—Helen says it can't be for a year at least. Her reasons lack in convincing force to me, but she says a man doesn't really understand arranging such things. I tell her that I am old enough at any rate, if she isn't.

I have just come back to the hotel after a long talk together out on her

### Where's the Use?

Drugging With Coffee and Keeping Sick all the Time.

A coffee drinker is liable to a smash almost any time and without much warning. A New York man, C. W. Bedford, 1055 Lex. Ave., says that when he was in apparently perfect health, weighing about 185 pounds, he got sick, and he suddenly had a severe attack of gastritis. He lost his appetite, and the doctor put him on a rigid diet and gave him remedies, but all to no purpose. He says: "Everybody I met had a cure and I tried a lot of them. I lost weight until I reached 144 pounds. I had those nasty gastric staggers."

"About the middle of the summer, when on a vacation, a friend asked whether I drank coffee or not. Being told that I did, he suggested that I quit it and take Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts breakfast food. I laughed at him, and told him that I was through with special articles of diet."

"One day the nerves had another bad smash, and I concluded to quit coffee and see if that was really the cause of the trouble."

"Next morning I had Postum for breakfast, and it was well made, and tasted good. I also had Grape-Nuts for breakfast, and from that day my troubles began to fade away."

"I am steadily gaining in flesh, can sleep naturally, and can eat whatever I want. What is the use of a man's drinking an article like coffee that poisons him, and causes such troubles as I have had when you can have a delicious Food Coffee like Postum that builds up instead of tearing down." Health is worth more than all the coffee on earth.

brother's piazza. Helen was swinging gently in the hammock, looking like some lovely Spanish princess in the full tropical starlight—only, as she reminded me when I told her so, Spanish princesses are apt to be somewhat swarthy.

We reviewed our acquaintance, its growth and its sudden interruption. To neither is our misunderstanding a matter for amusement, even now it is so happily ended. To me those hours must ever seem a sort of nightmare. Helen, dear girl, says she hopes never to be more unhappy than my apparently astounding insult made her.

"How could I help it?" she answered for the twentieth time to my oft-repeated expression of surprise at being thought a married man. "You seemed so thoroughly domesticated. And then the way you always spoke of Charlotte, just like a lover would—and a husband should," she added, laughing, with an upward glance of a wonderful pair of gray eyes.

"You must repeat that in Charlotte's hearing," I said, in mock-seriousness. "It will help mollify her."

"Oh, dear! and I'm afraid she will need propitiating. I don't blame her, either. The idea of you doing such a thing, after all these years. The worst of it is, she will certainly blame me for it all. She will be surprised, won't she?"

"Well, rather," I replied, briefly, but meaningly.

### Nervous Headache, Brain Fag, Dyspepsia.

The Sufferings of a Business Man Overcome by Worry and Exhausting Brain Work—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Cures.

Sick, nervous headache and nervous dyspepsia or indigestion are usually found together, and have a common cause in an exhausted condition of the nerves. Modern headache powders are simply narcotics that deaden the afflicted nerves. They are harmful and frequently dangerous.

Mr. Joseph Geroux, 22 Metcalfe street, Ottawa, Ont., writes:

"I was nervous, had headache and brain fag. I was restless at night, and could not sleep. My appetite was poor and I suffered from nervous dyspepsia. Little business cares worried and irritated me. After having used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two months, I can frankly say that I feel like a new man. My appetite is good, I rest and sleep well, and this treatment has strengthened me wonderfully. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is certainly the best medicine I ever used, and I say so because I want to give full credit where it is due."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box; 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

### "The Novel of the Year."

From June around to May, it is published every day. Till the public is beginning to be vexed; For its manifold disguises are continual surprises.

And we never know what form is coming next. As adventure grim and gory, as a sweet New England story.

Or as rapid social chatter 'twill appear, But whatever way he names it, still the publisher proclaims it.

"Undoubtedly the novel of the year!"

One week among the stars we're investigating Mars.

The next into the slums we're hurried down.

One week with crooks we gamble, the next we meekly amble.

With lovers through a little country town.

To-day religion flooring, to-morrow we are soaring.

Corollaries, into another sphere; We cannot help but read it while its sponsors boldly plead it.

"Undoubtedly the novel of the year!"

Oh, Mrs. Humphry Ward, oh, Mr. Lester Ford,

Oh, Barrie, Gissing, Churchill, Hope & Wells,

Oh, Pemberton, Correll, Dunn, Allen, Ade, and Kelly,

Oh, Kipling, we beseech you to go slow!

With masterpieces dealing, our intellects are reeling.

And discrimination's feeling rather queer;

With confusion we are smitten, for we find that each has written

"Undoubtedly the novel of the year!"

Oh, Dodd Mead, Lippincott, Doubleday, Macmillan, Pott,

Oh, Harper, Scribner, Appleton, and Lane,

Bowen Merrill, Stone, and Holt, we have risen in revolt!

You want to drive us crazy, it is plain. So we humbly ask you whether you can't somehow get together.

Draw lots, and let it once for all be clear.

While each for favor liches, of all your novels which is

"Undoubtedly the novel of the year!"

—Munsey.

### The Novelist the Educator.

OF more benefit to a studious boy than the curricula of the schools from the kindergarten to the university is the freedom of a good library. Let a boy browse at will among books. He will find in them the best schoolmasters. The novelist is the educator of this period as Homer was of the golden age of Greece. Dickens and Thackeray have done more to shape the thought and guide the taste of this and the preceding generation than Oxford, Cambridge, Yale, Harvard and all other great schools. Men and women, using the English tongue, derive their ideas of what is becoming in manners, conduct and thought from the Bible, Shakespeare and the English novelists, and many of them would rather break one of the ten commandments than incur the epithet of cad or parvenu from the aged Polonius or the young Arthur Pendennis. When a royal personage "lies like a gentleman" to save the name of a woman does he take his ethics from the Gospel or from English every literature?

While it may be good to urge people to read, it is of little use to tell them what to read. When Sir John Lubbock published his list of the one hundred best books he was set upon briskly by the reviewers, each of whom had his own favorites and his own opinions. Sir John, moreover, yielded to the

**E. H. Grove**

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day

weakness of including certain books in his list, not because they were his own choice, but because he felt that they ought to be in the list.

When a man puts school and adolescence behind him and plunges into his serious work, he discovers that his time for general reading is severely limited. In the intellectual professions the progress is so rapid and the labor so strenuous that it takes all a man's waking hours to keep in the running. The competent and conscientious lawyer and doctor must give his nights as well as his days to the toll of his profession; the newspaper man surrenders his liberty for the sake of his calling; even the purely literary man must confine his reading to certain fields. Really, the only men having leisure for intellectual recreations are mechanics whose time of labor and of rest is defined and immutable.

While the habit of reading is to be encouraged, it ought to be regulated by wisdom. Nothing is more exasperating than to watch women—not all women—select books at a library. They crowd about the tables on which the latest novels are kept, and never heed the immense number of better works gathering dust on the shelves.

"Have you read David Harum?" asked a young woman of her father. "Not yet," said he. "I have not completed my third reading of Henry Esmond, and there are several of Victor Hugo's works which I have yet to take up. Have you read all of Thackeray?"

Of course she had read very little of Thackeray and less of Dickens. She preferred the fiction that lives a fortnight, and then only by the galvanic force of advertising, to the fiction that will never die. The new books are neither so interesting, so well written nor so commendable in any respect as the great novels of literature, yet the new books are on the table and the older and greater works are on the shelf.

### An Old Fashion Revived.

No new fashion in men's dress is so distinctive of this season as the braid to be found on coats now coming from London tailors and made up by the best of the local establishments, points out the New York "Sun." For a decade or more the rough cloths made in frock or morning-coats have been finished without braid, and it began to look as if the old fashion of using braid on the edges of men's garments was never to be restored to favor. It had disappeared with the diagonal cloths that had long been thought the only cloth possible for coats to be worn on formal occasions. English makers began a year ago to send customers in America these coats trimmed with braid, and they have now taken their place among the necessities of this season's fashions. The re-appearance of the braid, in the opinion of New York tailors, indicates the rapid res-



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these changeable Spring Days

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**Jaeger**  
PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR  
CENTRAL CANADIAN DEPOT  
65 KING ST. W. TORONTO.

rotation to favor of the accompanying diagonal.

### Consistent.

To strictly keep the holy days  
The clergyman was bent,  
And on last Sunday even used  
A sermon that was lent.

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Natural Laxative Water

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IT IS UNEXCELLED.

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We are making quick business of a special lot of Oriental Rugs that have been laid out in four different lots on the ground floor—giving good choice of size and price.

**LOT A.**—Over one hundred rugs in this lot from which to make a selection, sizes range from 26 x 3 to 14 x 8, and prices special \$5.00 to \$7.50.

**LOT B.**—A fine choice of designs, sizes range from 3 x 36 to 56 x 9, and prices special \$10.00 and \$12.00.

**LOT C.**—Everyone a selected rug, no defects and very even, large enough to cover a small-sized room, prices special \$15.00 to \$20.00.

**LOT D.**—Fine Kelim Rugs for floor coverings, chairs, and for throwing over lounges, prices special \$3.50 and \$5.00.

The assortment embraces some of the finest goods in Kaysac, Daghestan, Sherwins, and other well known Oriental styles. The rugs throughout will be found in good condition. Complete furnishing of Oriental rooms is a feature of this business.

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36-38 King Street West, Toronto

## Madame La Belle's

### TESTIMONIAL No. 6



Mme. La Belle  
15 years ago.

"I am a well known society woman of Toronto, and have been afflicted with a bad growth of hair on my face. Six months ago Madame La Belle removed it by her new process, and as there are no symptoms of its return, I feel that gratitude she prompts me to write this little testimonial. I never was so vain, no electric shock and no edging during the operation of Madame La Belle. As this is a very delicate matter, I cannot give my name and address, but I have pleasure in referring any lady to my physician, Dr. Thompson, 6 Carlton Street, who knows the removal of the hair. Any lady desiring to prove this can call upon Dr. Thompson, Toronto, May 30th, 1901."



Mme. La Belle to-day.

**FOR REMOVING WRINKLES AND LINES** the latest invention in machinery was received from New York by Madame La Belle this week. Madame La Belle has received the patronage of Toronto's "400," still there is the majority of people who are anxious to come to her, but they think they cannot afford to do so. Madame La Belle has therefore decided to give everyone a chance next month.

### THE FOLLOWING PRICES FOR MONTH OF JUNE ONLY:

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**The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap** makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aromatic.


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is an expression often used to describe thoroughness. This describes our work exactly. Prove it for yourself by letting us clean or dye your last season's coat or trousers which you have cast aside. We will make them look like new.

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Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Commission on all principal Stock Exchanges.  
Receive deposits; allow interest on deposits and credit balances; draw bills of exchange; transact a General Financial Business.  
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or a lack of glasses may bring a lifetime of eye trouble. Call and have your eyes thoroughly tested by

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Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

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Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**Oxford Shoes** FOR WOMEN MANNISH SHAPES  
Some very handsome ones in patent and enamel leather.

**H. & C. Blachford**  
114 Yonge Street

**Curious Bits of News.**

George Q. Cannon, late president of the Mormon Church, was evidently a man of genius. When he died a few weeks ago, full of years and honors, he left four widows, thirty-three children, and an unspecified number of grandchildren. He has left a separate home to each of his widows, and an acre of land and \$2,000 in cash to each of his thirty-three children as they come of age.

The "Electrical World" states that an employee of the Stockholm Telephone Company has invented a device by which the telephone user can tell when a third party is listening to his conversation. The pressing of a button connects the "listener detector," as it is called, with the telephone. The device is being put in by a large number of business houses which use the telephone for transacting more or less confidential business.

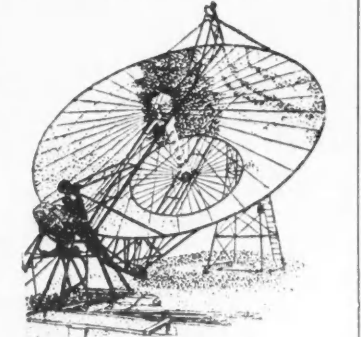
Mr. Baehr, the United States consul at Magdeburg, reports that the manufacture of artificial stone for building purposes is growing to enormous proportions in Germany. Sand and lime are the principal ingredients, in the proportion of four to six parts of lime to 94 or 96 parts of sand. The lime is pulverized, and the mixture is pressed into blocks, which are then placed in an hermetically closed boiler and submitted, for about 10 hours, to high-pressure steam, which, by its action on the silicic acid in the sand, hardens the stone.

An Oregon woman is the owner of a hen that she would not trade for an entire flock of poultry. A Philadelphia daily declares this hen to be the only one in the United States that ever fought and killed a hawk. The hen was tending her brood in the usual way, when a chicken-hawk made its descent. The hen did not squawk and run, but with a fierce and well-directed blow buried her bill under the hawk's left wing. It may have been a chance blow, but it did its work. The hawk seemed surprised and dazed. It rose feebly, flew aimlessly against a clothes-line and dropped dead.

"Country Life" (England) tells of a shark being shot by Captain Nickalls, 17th Lancers, from the deck of the troopship Idaho, at St. Vincent, on his way to South Africa, on March 12, at a distance of 150 yards, with a revolver, the bullet hitting him in the back, just exactly where the back fin joins the body, and coming out under his breast fin on the left side—almost the only vital spot where he could have been hit. He was brought in by the native boats and opened on deck, and inside were found a large lobster, small fish (alive), a horse's thighbone, and many other horses' and mules' bones.

It will probably be news to the majority that Christian Scientists have gone so far as to apply their doctrines to dumb animals. In the "Onlooker," Lady Abinger, one of England's titled proselytes to Christian Science, writes: "I have found with my animals that great help from Christian Science treatment. I have a horse that some time ago caught a violent cold that settled on the lungs. The horse seemed past all remedies. Everything was done for him. The veterinary surgeon called in several times. Still the animal could not work, so, after months of suffering, I telegraphed to a healer in London, and in a couple of days all bad symptoms had gone."

As already noted in "Saturday Night," a practical demonstration of the possibility of running a steam engine with heat derived directly from



the sunshine has been made at Los Angeles, California. Herewith is an illustration of the apparatus. The rays of the sun are focused upon a boiler by

**Fresh at Night.**

If One Uses the Right Kind of Food.

If by proper selection of food one can feel strong and fresh at the end of a day's work, it is worth while to know the kind of food that will produce this result.

A school teacher of Media, Kan., says in this connection: "I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts Food five months ago. At that time my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing in weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced, almost constantly, a feeling of exhaustion. I tried various remedies without good results; then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers."

"I commenced using that food, and have since made a constant and rapid improvement in health, in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in the most strenuous and exacting work."

"I have gained twelve pounds in weight, and have a good appetite, my nerves are steady and I sleep sound. I have such strength and reserve force that I feel almost as strong and fresh at the close of a day's work as at the beginning."

"Before using Grape-Nuts I was troubled much with weak eyes, but as my vitality increased the eyes became stronger. I never heard of food as nutritious and economical as Grape-Nuts. Please omit my name from print." Name can be given by Postum Cereal Company (Limited), Battle Creek, Mich.



She—Now that papa has lost all his money, do you still wish to marry me? He—My darling, can't you see that I do?

means of a reflector 33 feet in diameter, composed of 1,788 small mirrors, which are so adjusted that they all concentrate the sunlight upon a single central point. The heat developed is sufficient to melt copper, and a wooden pole thrust into the focus bursts into flame at once. The steam from the suspended boiler is carried to the engine through a flexible tube. An energy of 15 horse-power is developed, and used to pump water for irrigation. The reflector is mounted like an astronomical telescope, and kept facing the sun by a driving clock.

W. H. Quilliam, a lawyer, of Liverpool, known as "Sheikh Abdullah," is the leader of the Mahometan cult in England. He built up a "cause" of more than two hundred members in his city, where they have a fine mosque, a college, an orphanage, and even a weekly paper to spread their views. Mr. Quilliam is the life and soul of the movement. He has learned Arabic, and conducts juma prayers every Friday, gives lectures nearly every Sunday, and spends something like £200 a year on his hobby. In return, the Sultan of Turkey has given him the title of Sheikh-ul-Islam of the British Isles, and in 1894 sent him on a mission to West Africa, to confer a decoration sent by Abdul upon the leader of the faith in Lagos. In addition, the Sultan has taken one of the Sheikh's sons into the Turkish consular service.

**The Waiter Was no Linguist.**

He pulled himself up at the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French, and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said, sternly, "there's nothing on this I want." "Ain't there nothin' you would like for dinner, sir?" inquired the waiter, politely.

"Have you got any sine qua non?" The waiter gasped. "No, sir," he replied. "Got any bona fide?" "N—no, sir." "Got any semper idem?" "No, sir we haven't." "Got any jeu d'esprits?" "No, sir, not one." "Got any tempus fugit?" "I reckon not, sir." "Got any solres dansant?" "No, sir." The waiter was edging off. "Got any sine die?" "We ain't, sir." "Got any pluribus unum?" The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

**A Slight Mistake.**

As everyone knows, the wealthiest people are not always the most careless in small expenditures. The New York correspondent of the "Pittsburgh News" tells a little story from life that illustrates the point.

The other morning, going down town on a Sixth Avenue "L" train, in New York, a woman, shabbily dressed, reached over to another seat and picked up a paper that had been left by a man who had just got off. The woman with the shabby dress had her nose buried in the paper. A philanthropist and a business man were riding in the seat back of her.

"You see," said the philanthropist, "how eager the poor working people of this country are to acquire knowledge. Now, that good woman ahead of us cannot afford to buy a paper, but she is ready, nevertheless, to gain information, and picks up a paper wherever she can. Commendable, isn't it?" "Do you know who that woman is?" asked the business man.

"No," said the philanthropist. "Who is it?"

"Hettie Green, the richest woman in the United States."

**Which Pianist?**

In his "Town and Country Poems," recently published in England, Mr. E. J. Legge has these striking lines under the title of "The Pianist":

Flabby, effeminate, sensual face; Horrible hair, Tossed and disordered with negligent care,

That cannot attain to the crowning grace Of a comb, or the self-respect of soap; Eyes that swim in A watery ocean

Of nerveless, fibreless, flaccid emotion, Where weak thought-tentacles grope. Look at the crowd of hysterical women!

Surely Nature, evolving her plan, Yearned for a joke when she drafted him in!

Call such a creature a man!

**The Plumbers of Canada Invited.**

John S. Morgan's Letter Open for Their Perusal.

Nova Scotia Member of the Guild Wants His Case Published—An Eight Year Sufferer From Backache—Cured Recently by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Bridgewater, N.S., June 3.—(Special.)—The case of John S. Morgan, plumber and tinsmith of this town, should be put prominently before every union and non-union man in Canada. In a matter like this there should be no distinction, the benefit belongs to all.

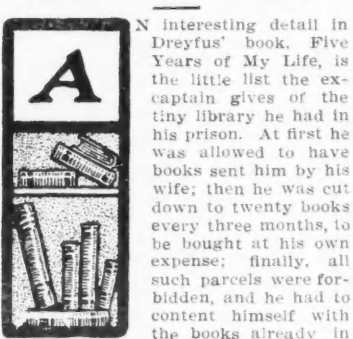
John S. Morgan for eight years was hampered in his work by backache. Stopping continually at work is the cause of a great deal of backache, though not in the way most people imagine. Mr. Morgan's letter explains the truth of the matter when he says Dodd's Kidney Pills cured his backache. It was really Kidney ache that troubled Mr. Morgan.

Backache is the commonest symptom of Kidney Disease. Kidney Disease is the commonest of human ailments, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one infallible cure for all Kidney diseases. Read what Mr. Morgan says about them himself.

"I have been subject to lame back for eight years. The different remedies I tried were no good. I got so that I was crippled up entirely and couldn't do a day's work. Another thing was a frequent desire to urinate altogether unnatural.

"About a year ago I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had run down in weight to about 140 pounds. During the time I was using Dodd's Kidney Pills I gained 33 pounds. My back got better and better as I continued taking the pills, until to-day I am as free from backache as ever I was in my life. This after eight years of it means an awful lot to me. I realize the danger I was in, and know what I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who has backache or any other Kidney complaint."

**Books and Their Makers.**



Interesting detail in Dreyfus' book "Five Years of My Life," is the little list the ex-captain gives of the tiny library he had in his prison. At first he was allowed to have books sent him by his wife; then he was cut down to twenty books every three months, to be bought at his own expense; finally, all such parcels were forbidden, and he had to content himself with the books already in his possession. "This little library comprised," he writes, "besides a certain number of literary and scientific reviews and a few volumes of current literature, Scherer's Studies in Contemporary Literature, Lansdowne's History of Literature, a few of Balzac's works, Barras's Memoirs, Janin's Essays in Criticism, a history of painting, a history of France, Augustin Thierry's Merovingians, the seventh and eighth volumes of Lavisse and Rambaud's General History from the Fourth Century to Our Own Days, Montaigne's Essays, and, best of all, the complete works of Shakespeare."

H. Rider Haggard has perhaps reached his highest plane of thought and work in his new novel, Lysbeth. Mr. Haggard describes two modes of writing historical romance, the first being an attempt to picture some notable historical character, the second to make a study of the period and deduce from it the necessary characters. In Lysbeth Mr. Haggard has followed with singular success the second of these modes. He has made a study of a period when "the most fearful tyranny that the western world has known" was let loose by Rome and Spain upon the Dutch heretics. "How," asks Mr. Rider Haggard, and the reader of Lysbeth will echo the question, "how did they live through it? How did they not die of very terror, those of them who escaped the scaffold, the famine and the pestilence?" The story he weaves is virtually an answer to this question, and is deeply interesting from first to last. It is a book that cannot fail to intensify the reader's admiration for Dutch bull-headedness and devotion to principle.

The Fleming H. Revell Company will issue at once a volume entitled The Old Evangel and the New Evangelism, by Rev. Charles A. Eaton, D.D. Speaking of this work, Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris has said: "The substance of this

**THE GOOD THINGS**  
of the world are for those who will use them.

**LUDELLA**  
...CEYLON TEA...  
is a good thing.

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book was presented before a largely-attended meeting of the Ministerial Association in Toronto, held during this year. Its acceptance was so hearty—and even enthusiastic—that the ministers unanimously requested Dr. Eaton to allow the publication in book form. The subject is so timely, the spirit in which it is discussed admirable, and the style fresh and full of exuberant vitality." Coming as it does at a time when Dr. Eaton is severing his connection with his Canadian pulpit and with the people of Canada, many will be glad to secure this excellent volume born of his Toronto experiences.

The Bain Book and Stationery Company report the following to have been the six best selling books in May: 1. Helmet of Navarre, by Bertha Runkle (Copp, Clark Company); 2. Granstark, by George B. McCutcheon (McLeod & Allen); 3. Visits of Elizabeth, by Ellnor Glyn (George N. Morang Company); 4. Pro Patria, by Max Pemberton (Copp, Clark); 5. Alice of Old Vincennes, by Maurice Thompson (William Briggs); 6. God's Puppets, Imogen Clark (W. J. Gage Company).

It is stated that Lady Ponsonby, widow of Queen Victoria's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, is the person who supplied material for the "Quarterly Review's" much talked of article on the late Queen.

A copy of the first edition of Blackmore's Lorna Doone was sold the other day for \$107. Devonshire is to do itself honor in honoring the memory of Blackmore; a fine monument is to be erected presently in Exeter Cathedral.

Marion Crawford's sister, Mrs. Fraser, has written a novel called Marna's Mutiny, the scenes of which are laid in Japan. As the wife of a former British Minister to Japan, Mrs. Fraser acquired an intimate knowledge of that beguiling land.

One old Scotchman lives who remembers meeting Sir Walter Scott now and again as he walked over the North Bridge in Edinburgh: "He always kept his eyes on the ground and rarely looked up, and people just looked at him with due respect and passed along." One man lives who was patted on the head in childhood by Charles Lamb—and this is Canon Ainger.

Who was the original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne? Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie writes concerning this question: "Lord Steyne was certainly not Lord Lansdowne, for whom my father had a respect and admiration. I suppose my father may have been told the picture was like Lord Hertford, and thought it best to suppress it; or perhaps the publishers advised him to do so. I remember hearing my elders talking about it, but I can't remember what they said. The only thing I know for certain is that it couldn't have had anything to do with Lord Lansdowne."

The author of that original piece of fiction, The Heritage of Unrest, Miss Gwendolen Overton, was born at a military post of the plains of which she writes. She was educated at Paris, but has lived for the most part amid the environment which she has reproduced in her novel. Her present home is Los Angeles.

Charles Major—need we describe him as the author of "When Knighthood Flowed"—will call his second book The Bears of Blue River. It is a collection of stories forming a continuous narrative, a tale of Indiana back in the twenties.

Mr. Sydney H. Preston, who for many years has been on the staff of the Toronto Model School as musical master, has had two short stories published in "Scribner's Magazine." Mr. Preston has a book in course of publication by Scribner's, entitled The Abandoned Farmer. He spends most of his time on a small fruit farm at Clarkson, a small village just outside of Toronto, and hence his knowledge of rural life is obtained at first-hand. His book will be eagerly awaited by the large number of persons who are always deeply interested in the advent of new Canadian writers.

A book which has just made a hit is Joscelyn Cheshire. It has run into three large editions in a week. This success is not surprising when we consider that there is throughout this adventurous tale an original and bright style that engenders belief in such incident as a real and true experience. The life in a Southern town of colonial

times is so depicted that we find pervading the whole a distinct flavor and the local color of the time. Last, but by no means least, the heroine, whose name supplies the title, is an unusual character, but possessed of many admirable and entertaining traits. Only by a perusal of the book can she be fully appreciated.

**The Abandoned Farmer**

By Sydney Herman Preston, Author of "The Green Pigs."

A book of genuine humor, in the field Mr. Stockton explored in "Rudder Grange," and by far the most promising attempt since. It describes, in a delicious vein of humor, the experiences of a young newspaper man and his wife and boy on a small farm which they leased near the city. No one who laughed over the adventures of the hero of Mr. Preston's "Green Pigs" need be assured of the rich humor or of the exceptional literary quality of this new book.

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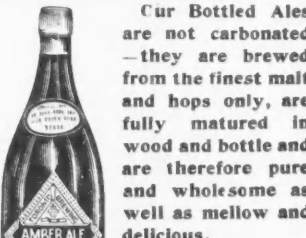
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# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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**M**ANSFIELD'S Henry V. is a great spectacle, or series of spectacles. It is not Shakespeare. If Avon's immortal bard could have been present in the flesh at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, it is doubtful if he would have recognized much of the play as his own. Henry V. is one of the most verbose and loosely-constructed dramas Shakespeare wrote. The author himself seems to have felt the difficulty of binning together in anything like dramatic unity the various episodes he selected from Henry's career. Hence the use of a "Chorus" to explain the action of the piece to the audience, where it would otherwise be obscure—an innovation foreign to Shakespeare's usual method. Verbose and loose as is the original, Mansfield's acting-version of the play is, though much condensed and remodelled, certainly no improvement on Shakespeare, except in a spectacular way. Whole scenes have been butchered. Others have been wrung from their context and given a new position. The street pageant in London, like the tableau of the battle of Agincourt (both splendid features of the Mansfield production), is a pure interpolation. The concluding scene in Troyes Cathedral is an invention for the sake of effect. Mr. Mansfield's changes in the play are doubtless necessary and justifiable from the standpoint of the modern stage manager. Shakespeare himself must unquestionably have wished for increased means of realizing the splendid episodes connected with his favorite king's reign. He would probably, if he could, have resorted to every expedient adopted by Mr. Mansfield for producing an impression on the audience. But the smallness of the theaters and the rude state of dramatic art in Shakespeare's day forbade. Had Mr. Mansfield



clung to the author's version, the modern audience would be compelled to sit through a longer and more tedious performance, unrelieved by the gorgeous tableaux already referred to. A re-reading of Shakespeare's text will reveal the extent of Mr. Mansfield's excisions and rearrangements.

The strength of the Mansfield production is in its spectacular effects, not in pure acting. Truth to tell, there is very little room for pure acting. Most of the play is episode, and what is not episode is declamation. Mansfield's voice and personality are excellently adapted to the role of the bluff, good-natured but iron-willed soldier-king, the darling of his people. His role dominates the whole play. The long and, at times, tedious speeches put into Henry's mouth absorb an immense portion of the whole time of the play. Mansfield bears himself like a king and speaks with the authority of the office. He is a good reader of Shakespeare, and brings out the full value and quality of the thoughts and sentiments Shakespeare has given to his hero. Apart from the star, the ablest acting was done by Mr. James L. Carhart as the Duke of Exeter, Miss Dorothy Chester as the boy servant of Pistol and his pals, Mr. A. Berthelot as the Dauphin of France, Mlle. Ida Brasey as Princess Katherine, and Mr. A. Duncan as the Welsh captain, Fluellen. The last named was, indeed, a delightfully comical part in the hands of Mr. Duncan, who gave it its full flavor of dialectal drollery. In the recitations of the Chorus (Miss Florence Kahn), which many in the audience seemed to esteem highly, there were very serious faults. Miss Kahn's voice, though strong, is not musical, and her manner of letting her pitch fall with great emphasis on the concluding word of almost every sentence was not only inconsistent with sense, but unpleasantly monotonous to the ear. With such a distinguished precedent as the opinion of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one need not hesitate to express the belief that the play of Henry V. would suffer nothing by the entire omission of the "Chorus."

It is, however, an ungracious and unpleasant thing to pick pinholes in a performance so generally delightful and memorable as that of Mr. Mansfield and his enormous company. No more strenuous, no more successful attempt at stage realism on a grand scale has ever been made than in the production that delighted some thousands of Toronto's citizens on Tuesday night. It brought the local dramatic season to a close in a blaze of glory, with a play eminently suited to please a British audience, and it will long be remembered as one of the most notable amusement events of the time.

LANCER.



**A** GREAT many opinions have been aired, expert and otherwise, as to whether or not the "Invader" would measure up. Enterprising Yankee newspaper correspondents of Chicago and Detroit had already condemned her last week, and stated definitely that she would measure over the limit. Before the Sibbick design was accepted by Commodore Gooderham, this point was discussed and apparently he was satisfied that she would be within the regulations. However, the controversy will be ended to-day, as it is expected that the "Invader" will be rigged ready for a trial spin, and it will then be seen whether or not she will be a contestant in the trial races. Everyone has been talking so much about the "Invader" that she has come to be looked upon as the challenger, and it has been forgotten that she has a competitor, and a formidable one, that she will have to dispose of before filling that honorable position. The Fearnside boat, the "Canadian," according to



THE "INVADER" READY FOR LAUNCHING.  
 Photo by Chas. H. Noble.

report, is no beauty, but the fact that she is one of Father O'Brien's creations is a guarantee for her speed.

In a fair breeze on Saturday last, Mr. A. J. Phillips' 16-foot skiff "Whitecap" demonstrated that she was the fastest boat in the R.C.Y.C. fleet. This is the second win for "Whitecap," and proves that she is good in any kind of weather, as her first win, on the Twenty-fourth, was secured in half a gale. Among the defeated boats were some new ones just turned out by Aykroyd.

The Dons and Argonauts hold their spring regatta and At Home to-day. Both clubs promise keen contests, and, no doubt, can "deliver the goods." The Argos have been putting in some good practices lately, and every crew has worked hard to get into shape for the regatta.

It takes about as much talk nowadays to arrange a rowing match as it does to fix up a prize-fight. After letting off enough "hot air" to win a political campaign, Tom Sullivan has come forward and deposited £100 in Lloyd's Bank on behalf of Towns. This covers a deposit made by Champion Gaudaur in the bank at Rat Portage, and is subject to Gaudaur's conditions being satisfactory. This is the end of an attempt on the part of Sullivan and Towns to dictate terms to the champion and make him give up his right to say when and where a championship race shall take place.

The Toronto Canoe Club is one of the busiest places along the water front just now. Each Saturday has two or three fixtures of some kind, and every event so far has been keenly contested. The Vice-Commodore, R. N. Brown, has donated a handsome gold medal to be competed for in five single-blade handicap races. Three of these races have already taken place and have brought out a great field. The war canoe race, scheduled for last Saturday, did not take place, and instead the two crews paddled out to the Humber for supper. They not only got away with everything edible in the village, but showed their versatility by indulging in a ball game. The club is to be well represented at the Pan-American on June 24th. It is sending a war canoe crew, a four, two tandems, and a number of singles over, and the boys expect to bring back lots of trophies from Buffalo.

The principal event in the canoe season, the American Canoe Association camp and meet, is to be held this year in the Thousand Islands near Gananoque, about half a mile from where it was held two years ago.

As soon as the courts dry up a little more, tennis will be "the only game" up at Varsity. The Tennis Club has six courts ready now, and is preparing two cinder courts on the north side of the Gym. The ground has received special preparation this spring, and a few warm days will put it in great shape for those who wield the racket. The Canadian tennis championships will be held this year, as usual, at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The tournament will start July 8.

Everyone interested in college athletics will be glad to

hear that "Jimmy" Gray, twice champion of Varsity, is convalescent, and is expected home this summer from California.

The action of President Pittaway in throwing out the Toronto-Capital match played here on the Twenty-fourth of May has called down a good deal of censure on his head—and rightly so. It may be a very pleasant view of the case for his own club, but I should judge that to the Torontonians it would present a somewhat different aspect. The secretaries of the different clubs may need bringing to time, but to do this it is not necessary to misinterpret the regulations. The winning of a game in the committee-room after losing it on the field is a thing that is much too prevalent in Canadian amateur athletics, and it has been noticeable in the past, not only in lacrosse, but also in hockey and football, that Ottawa generally fails to take a beating in a sportsmanlike manner. Of course where there are good grounds for complaint it is right that the governing body should act, but no team with a healthy sporting spirit should accept a game won on a technicality.

Communication has been received by Mr. Henderson of Varsity from the English colleges regarding the proposed visit of their athletes. The only thing stated definitely was that they were coming; the dates and finances have still to be arranged. In the meantime quite a string of University athletes are in training at Rosedale preparing for the contests at Montreal. THE REFEREE.

## Golf.

**G**OLF has been quiet for the past ten days by reason of the almost constant rain. The different courses, except for the length of grass, are in the pink of condition, and some capital going may be looked for now.

In Montreal the rain made it necessary to postpone the opening of the new nine-hole course at Westmount on Saturday last, but the event will come off to-day, when the Bachelors and Benedicts will try conclusions. The Westmount links are situated on the mountain and command a view of the whole city, while the Lake of the Two Mountains and the Ottawa River are seen to the north. The course, which was 1,700 yards, will now embrace a much longer distance. The hazards, so far, are practically nil, the long, close grass being the principal enemy. In almost every part of the fair green the ball sinks nearly out of sight, and to play it out is extremely difficult. With the fair green kept close and several artificial hazards introduced, the course, with the exception of the greens, would be capital. The greens so far are very rough and need a great deal of attention. A clubhouse is being erected on the side of the mountain in a very picturesque spot, and will give a great deal of added comfort to players and visitors. The main drawback to the club is the stiff climb to reach the links, which takes most of the play out of one for some time.

At the links of the Spadina Club on Saturday last, the home team defeated a team from the Highland Golf Club of Toronto by a score of 12 to 9. The following are teams and scores: Spadina—J. L. Caprell 2, P. C. Bright 0, E. Spear 7, J. Baldwin 6, C. H. Sproule 10; total, 25. Highland—J. E. Robertson 0, A. H. Perfect 3, E. DuVernet 0, A. Wood 0, W. Martin 0; total, 3.

The play for the monthly handicap at the Toronto Club last Saturday brought out a good field. Mr. W. H. Hargrave, 84, 6, 78, took first prize. Mr. Sydney Small won first prize for those with handicap of 12 or over, turning in a score of 95, 12, 83. Mr. Lyon's 83, 0, 83 was the best score of the day. The first round for the Osler trophy was also played off, leaving only the following in the series: E. C. Heward, E. W. Phillips, R. C. H. Cassels, W. A. H. Kerr, S. A. Rowbotham, S. T. Blackwood, W. G. P. Cassels, J. F. Calcutt, J. F. Edgar, W. H. Cawthra, Charles Hunter, Stewart Gordon, W. W. Jones, S. B. Woods, G. S. Lyon, D. O. R. Jones.

Mr. Curtis, a crack player from Boston, who is visiting



DAVE RITCHIE, Rosedale pro, at finish of short approach.

Judge Street, has been putting up some capital golf at the Toronto Club.

A strong team from the Rochester Golf Club will meet a team from the Toronto Club this afternoon at the Toronto links.

English players say that since Vardon's return from America he is driving much higher balls from the tee than formerly.

A Massachusetts firm is making a specialty of non-rustable metal clubs, to replace the ordinary irons. The metal resembles nickel in color, and is homogeneous throughout. In driving qualities it is fully equal to steel. It is absolutely guaranteed not to rust under any conditions, an advantage which need not be enlarged upon.

The final game for the amateur championship of Great Britain was the most exciting finish that has been seen in the championship event for some years. At the sixteenth hole on the last round Hilton and Low were all square. The latter, no doubt feeling the strain, gave up the next hole after getting into trouble. The last hole was halved, leaving Hilton the champion for the second year. Mr. Hilton has also won the open championship twice. The following in the final at St. Andrew's this year was over 4,000. The entry list was the largest on record, there being 116 starters. HAZARD.

## KING EDWARD'S NARROW ESCAPE.



Wreck of the Shamrock, showing mast and sails lying over the side. The King was at the point marked x.

## Notes From the Capital.

May Court Entertained by Lady Minto.—Montreal Lady Golfers Vanquish Ottawa's Fair Players.—Lord Minto's Dinner to the Cabbies a Success.—Departure of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Foster for Toronto.—General Society Notes.

**N**EARLY every day last week it rained, and various garden parties were turned into ordinary teas. Someone has prophesied a wet June, and people are afraid to give invitations to any entertainment the success of which is dependent upon the weather. Nevertheless, there was a garden party at Government House on Tuesday afternoon at which the Countess of Minto was the hostess, her guests being the May Queen and her subjects. Some others were invited, two or three married ladies who have, on occasions, assisted the May Court, for instance, Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, who were the scrutineers at the last general election. There were men there, too, for the May Court Club has no particular grudge against men, although they are not admitted to membership. It was a very jolly party.

The only day last week that was tolerably fine was Friday. There was a rainstorm in town about five o'clock that afternoon, but out on the Chelsea golf links, where fine weather was most needed, there was never a drop of rain, which greatly pleased the ladies of the Ottawa Club, who had a match on with a ladies' team from Montreal. Alas! the fair representatives of the Capital were badly beaten, the Montreals being 41 up when the scores were counted at the end of the afternoon. So the Montreals had a pleasant day of it. The ladies of the Ottawa team met them at the station and drove them to the links, where in the clubhouse a luncheon was served. The president, Mrs. R. Gill, and the members of the committee were at the luncheon, as well as the two teams. There were three men at this ladies' party, Mr. Gill, Mr. F. W. Avery, and Mr. G. A. Sparks, who had all three been of some assistance to the ladies in making arrangements. Play began immediately after luncheon. The ladies on the Montreal team were Mrs. Macdonald, the Misses Ethel and Muriel Bond, Miss Linton, Miss Greene, Miss Young, Miss Marler, Miss Mussin, Miss Taylor and Mrs. Macpherson. The Ottawa team was composed of Mrs. Sidney Smith, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Lemoine, Mrs. George E. Perley, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Miss Sweetland, Mrs. Charles Sparks, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. E. L. C. Grant and Mrs. Laurence Lambie. Miss Scott and Miss Lemoine were the highest scorers on the Ottawa side, but even their winnings could not save the team. At five o'clock there was a tea in the clubhouse, at which the hostess was Mrs. John Gilmour. The guests were chiefly members of the club, but there were a few outsiders who had been specially invited by Mrs. Gilmour. Miss Gordon and Miss Ritchie had charge of the pretty tea-table. There was a scarcity of men, for the masculine golfer in Ottawa is not a sociable person; in fact, he is out-doorish in his habits and does not frequent five o'clock teas, nor does he appear to look upon them with pleasure. Needless to state, most of the Ottawa male golfers are of a certain age. The Montreals left by the six-thirty train, and were given a good send-off by their vanquished friends of Ottawa.

Last week there was an event at Government House which was quite unique in character. It was a large dinner party at which the guests of His Excellency were the cab-drivers of Ottawa. They are superior men, these Ottawa cabbies, and not a few of them have in their minds some interesting unwritten pages of Canadian history, some of which it is hoped will remain unwritten. Bristow, who came out from England in the employ of a former Governor-General, and who, when Lord Minto was here as Lord Melgund, was his favorite cabbie, sat at the head of the table and was the chairman of the feast. The menu was excellent, and the behavior of the guests equally good. The toasts were numerous, and after the toasts came songs and good stories. From Patrick Buckley, a veteran cab-driver, who was a favorite with several Premiers, down to the newest arrival on the "stand," all were there to enjoy His Excellency's hospitality and to vote him "a jolly good fellow." Next morning it was difficult to get a cab, for the cabbies came late to the stands.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Foster left Ottawa on Monday last for Toronto, where they will live in future. They have taken a house in Rosedale. Mrs. Foster was presented with a silver tea service a few weeks ago by the numerous societies of which she was president, or at least a most prominent member, and everybody was sorry to see her go, for no people like to lose from their midst so large-minded and so philanthropic a woman as Mrs. G. E. Foster. The last good-byes were said to Mrs. Foster at a very nice tea given on Friday afternoon by Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, a tea which was prevented from being a garden party by the before-mentioned storm at five o'clock. It was a ladies' tea, and most of the ladies were friends of Mrs. Foster's. Mrs. Ahearn wore a very lovely gown of grey silk grenadine, with a gold thread woven into it and touches of pink, as well as a cluster of pink roses making beautiful the bodice. Miss Meach, Miss Kenny and Miss Edith Clemow assisted in the tea-room. The next afternoon the rain spoiled a garden party at which Mrs. H. K. Pinhey was to have been hostess. Her guests all came, however, in spite of the rain, and a very pleasant indoor party was the result.

The local Council of Women met on Saturday last and discussed with representatives from the Clerks' Union the advisability of having Saturday afternoon a half holiday for the clerks in the dry goods and other shops. The women who were present at this meeting were all in favor of the half holiday, and as most people think it depends largely upon the women who do the shopping, there is a likelihood that the holiday will soon come into effect.

Mrs. Sullivan of Prince Edward Island, who has been for some months the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. L. Scott, left on Tuesday last for her home in Charlottetown, stopping on her way at Sillery, Quebec, to see her son, Mr. Cleaver Sullivan.

Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick, who was to have left on Wednesday last in the s.s. "Commonwealth" from Boston for Liverpool, has changed his plans, and will not go to Europe for the present. His daughter, Miss Corinne Fitzpatrick, was to have gone with him. Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, who was in Toronto for the races, is at present visiting Mrs. M. P. Davis of Rideau street.

Mr. A. G. Blair and Mr. and Mrs. David Mills were passengers in the "Commonwealth." Mr. Mills is in much better health than was supposed during the early part of the session. The ocean voyage, and the rest which it ensures, is expected to put him in fine condition. Mr. Blair has two daughters in Europe, who have been in France for some time, principally in Paris, where the younger, Miss Elizabeth Blair, has been "en pension," studying the language. Miss Blair will probably meet her father in London. Mrs. Blair and the rest of the family, as usual, will spend the summer at their summer cottage on the Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick.

Lady Davies and her daughters are still in town, though it is probable they will be leaving shortly for their home in Charlottetown, P.E.I., which all the glories of the Capital have never been able to make less loved by them. It certainly is a charming place wherein to spend the summer, for when the tide is in, the sea comes up to the garden wall of Sir Louis' residence. If Sir Louis goes on the bench, as rumor persists in saying he will, Lady Davies and her daughters will be pleased in the greater liberty the position will give to them—less time to be spent in Ottawa, and less obligation of entertaining, for there is no doubt at all that Lady Davies and her daughters do not care for society.

AMARYLLIS.

A penny saved spoils the broth.  
 A fool and his money corrupt good manners.  
 A word to the wise is a dangerous thing.  
 A guilty conscience is the mother of invention.







## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., May 14, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., May 21, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., May 28, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., June 4, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., June 11, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., June 18, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., June 25, 10 a.m.

## New York, Bremen

Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Thurs., May 23, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Thurs., May 30, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Thurs., June 6, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Thurs., June 13, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Thurs., June 20, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Thurs., June 27, 10 a.m.

## MEDITERRANEAN

SABATIER, GENOA  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat., May 18, 4 p.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat., June 1, 4 p.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat., June 8, 4 p.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat., June 15, 4 p.m.  
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat., June 22, 4 p.m.

## BARLOW CUMBERLAND

71 Yonge Street, Toronto

## AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London  
 Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.  
 St. Paul, June 19, 10 a.m.  
 St. Paul, June 26, 10 a.m.  
 St. Paul, July 3, 10 a.m.  
 St. Paul, July 10, 10 a.m.

## RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris  
 Sailing Wednesdays at noon  
 Friedland, June 12, 12 noon  
 Friedland, June 19, 12 noon  
 Friedland, June 26, 12 noon  
 Friedland, July 3, 12 noon

## International Navigation Company

Piers 11 and 15, N.E. Office—73 Broadway  
 Barlow Cumberland, 71 Yonge St., Toronto

## River &amp; Lake Trips

St. Lawrence River and Gulf  
 and all local points

## New York &amp; Cuba Mail S.S. Co.

Nassau, Havana, Mexico and all Central  
 American and West India Ports.

## A Comparison—1844-1901.

Before me lies a copy of an old New York Central time table, printed in 1844.

Contemplating it, I am led to make some comparisons that give a striking object lesson of the progress of the United States in 57 years.

In 1844 it took 30 1-2 hours to travel by mail train, Albany to Buffalo.

In 1901 by the Empire State Express, it takes 5 hours and 37 minutes.

In 1844 the fare, Albany to Buffalo, was \$1.50.

In 1901 the fare is \$6.15.

## Career and Character of Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln.

An address by Joseph Choate, Ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the later years of his life and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, general passenger agent, Chicago, Ill.

## California and Return.

On July 5 to 12 the Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to San Francisco, California, at single first-class fare, good to return any time up to August 31, 1901. Diagram of through sleepers now ready. Stop over on route west of first Colorado point, free reclining chair cars on all trains. Everything will be first-class and up to date. This will be by far the most comprehensive trip ever offered to visit this golden land of sunshine and flowers. Full particulars at Wabash office, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto; J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent.

## Anecdotal.

On being asked whether he would go to the funeral of a man whom he very much disliked, William M. Evanson replied: "No, I shall not attend; but I quite approve of it." Of a family not too famous for its virtue, the witty lawyer said: "That family is propagated by slips."

Over a century ago Benjamin Franklin discussed the property qualification for voting in Pennsylvania. A man owned a donkey of sufficient value to enable him to vote, but before the next election the donkey died, and the man's vote was refused. "Now," asked Franklin, "who voted at the previous election—the man or the donkey?"

Late one evening a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow-practitioners, saying: "Pray step across to the club; we are one short for a rubber." "Emily, dear," he then said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."

An old Georgia negro arose in prayer-meeting the other night and said: "Brethren and sisters, I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap er ups an' downs—specially downs—since I jined de church. I stole chickens and watermelons. I cussed. I got drunk. I shot craps. I slashed

udder coons wit my razor, and I done a sight er udder things, but thank de good Lawd, bredderin' an' sisterin', I never yest lost my religion."

Captain Billy Barnes, a well-known San Francisco lawyer, cannot resist the temptation to say a good thing when it springs to the tip of his tongue. He would rather say a good thing than be discreet. The other day, when trying a case in Judge Dunne's court, his conduct aroused the ire of His Honor. "I feel like fining you to the extent of my ability," said the court. "If Your Honor were to fine me to the extent of my ability you might get something," said Barnes. The judge fined him.

Once in the great series of political debates between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in 1858, Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he had seen Lincoln as a young man retelling whisky. "Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whiskey by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar and the judge was on the outside. I busy selling, he busy buying." Douglas never again referred to "Abe's" humble beginnings.

When Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, the new bishop-suffragan of Stepney, was at Portsea, he had the largest parish in England, and was assisted by no less than twelve curates. It is said that, when dining with Queen Victoria at Osborne, Her Majesty asked if it was true that he had so large a number of helpers, and on being assured that it was so, she asked whether it would not be wise to discharge three curates and marry. But the vicar had been in his mind, and replied: "Well, madam, if I disagree with my curates we can part; but if I were to disagree with my wife, it might end in my having to leave my parish."

Two Yankees in Venice spent their first evening loafing round the lagoons in a gondola—it being moonlight, of course, and all the rest of the sentimental, charming things it is always in Venice. "Here comes a gondola," steeled-whispered one "American" to the other, "that probably contains a pair of lovers. See how absorbed those two dim figures evidently are in each other; the gondolier, other gondolas, the witchery of the moonlight, and the place—to all of it they are oblivious. Oh, what a spot for sentiment; the air is full of it!" And as the two gondolas glided past each other the listeners heard the unmistakable accents of a fellow-countryman: "I'll see your three and raise you five."

New Yorkers agree that either Mr. Choate or Chauncey M. Depew is the finest after-dinner speaker on earth. Someone says: "At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society, Choate was down for the toast 'The Navy,' while Depew was to respond to 'The Army.' Depew began by saying: 'It's well to have a specialist; that's why Choate is here to speak about the navy. We met at the wharf once and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt, he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the Navy.' Choate responded: 'I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking, as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Dr. Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe.'"

Honorable Cockran has a voice like the Bull of Bashan's. Once, in a contested election case, he assailed his opponents very bitterly and noisily. The opposing attorney (Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall of Virginia) began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of the story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule and who was caught in a violent thunderstorm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lightning which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion: 'O Lawd, if it's jist the same to you, I'd rather have the little less noise an' a little mo' light.' Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hoghead of noise and would be thankful for a thimbleful of light on this important subject!"

Ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado had for twelve years the reputation of being not only the most eloquent Republican in the Senate, but also the cleverest at repartee. The latter gift was well demonstrated before he became nationally known, when he was sent to a Southern State to advocate Republicanism. At a certain place he was politely informed that the "rally" would begin and end at about the same time, and that since 1883 had any Republican been permitted to finish a speech there. Wolcott was determined, however, and upon learning that the citizens, as a rule, were kind enough to permit the speakers to get out of town and fill their next appointments, he concluded to make his speech as billed. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce him to the audience in as few words as possible. The advice was followed a little too literally. He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker and disappeared behind the scenes. Wolcott began his speech at once with one of his best stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery and only the white people below. In about five minutes Wolcott's discretion was overcome by his intense Republicanism, and he made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, whereupon a body of young men in the center of the theater shouted in concert, "Rats!" Wolcott paused for a moment, and then, waving his hand at the gallery, said: "Walter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!" The effect was electrical and effectual.

In the two new volumes of Sir Mountstuart Duff's Diary some capital anecdotes are related of well-known personages. Sir Robert Lowe's first

wife said to him: "Robert, if you were as stingy in domestic matters as you are as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I would go away and leave you altogether." "My dear," was the reply, "it is a great temptation." When Palmerston once replied to a speech of a very dramatic and action-loving orator, he commenced his reply: "We have heard, perhaps I may even say we have seen, the speech of the right honorable gentleman." A very deaf M. P. was doing his best to catch with his ear-trumpet the words of an extremely dull speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Lowe, "throwing away his natural advantages." Lady Mallesbury told Sir Mountstuart Duff that someone once asked her mother the color of the dress she was wearing. "It is called," she replied, "flamme du Vesuve." "You make," was the rejoinder, "a very pretty crater." Lord Aberdeen relates that an acquaintance of his was in the habit, whenever he wanted a little distraction in London, of jumping into a hansom and telling the man to drive to the Theological Gardens. He never failed to be taken straight to the wild beasts. When Bishop Stubbs, lately dead, was starting on a journey from Chester Station, the station-master said to him: "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then you are a Dissenter," rejoined the bishop.

## Two Trying Types.

Our Lady Doctors. A Fine New Book.

HE is so high-strung," is a common exclamation made for a woman who plays the fool in matters of emotion. "He is supersensitive," one says of the male donkey in like case. Such folk can be moved by the most trifling and irrational cause to do the most extreme and absurd things. They are often the prey of the elements, as witness the late developments in Paris, when a hot spell drove persons to suicide and murder, in temporary distraction, until a violent electric storm straightened up matters for the "high-strung," supersensitive survivors.

The condition of these people is not attractive, interesting or superior, as they imagine. Don't you know the woman who gazes intently at you and says in thrilling tones: "I feel every breath of discord; I shrink from the smallest criticism; I am so high-strung, I respond to everything?" She has an idea that she has reached a height from which she looks down upon a vale of phlegmatic atoms, unaware to her delicate feelings. The phlegmatic atom, on the other hand, in their calmness, a seething pot of crude emotions and vagrant, uncontrolled impulses which may boil over any moment at some malicious poke from beneath. As to the supersensitive man, we may well look out for him, for in enjoying his acquaintance it is always the unexpected which happens. There is among malicious minds an irresistible impulse to "work" the supersensitive man and woman. He and she are the targets at which the anonymous letter-writer flings his or her dart. Well do these loathsome and vile wretches know that the dust will fly, hysterics will cavort and half be torn when the postman delivers the poison to the high-strung female and the supersensitive man, because these latter are always on the lookout for slights, injuries and imagined wrongs. Such beings should be isolated like an electric current, or marked dangerous like dynamite and nitro-glycerine, for their mad impulses may wreck some thing worth protection. In Paris one sees a good deal of them. The French are creatures of emotion, impulse and extremes, and it is curious to reflect upon the cabled news that a spell of heat drove many of them to suicide and murder, and to read of that marvelously-sustained Frenchman, Dreyfus, whom years of solitary, solitary confinement, with barbed wire, which are unmentionable added thereto, could not goad into destroying a life which was a long torture. Have you read the calm, temperate, convincing story of that man? Written by himself, almost in letters of blood, to make one give thanks for such a triumph of soul over body, of right over wrong, as even his partial restoration has made. It is very rarely that a book appeals so personally as to make one wish to have the honor of knowing the author, not just a staring acquaintance, but the privilege of association in friendship, with an acknowledged sense of the benefit one might gain in the highest inspiration possible. Quite a few thoughtful persons have felt this way toward the infamously-treated Captain Dreyfus since reading his pathetic story of his exile.

The other night I was very much privileged to be the guest of a score of lady physicians, some of them only of very recent date, having received their degrees the same day. It was especially interesting to see these young women, full of life, spirits and earnestness, telling little college jokes and going over the experiences of the past few days, when the work of four years was in the way of being rewarded. In the first place, I had no idea before of the number and success of our women in the "noblest profession," as I and a good many more feel medicine and surgery to be. Girls from the Atlantic shores of Prince Edward Island to the slope of the sea of peace on the West have taken up a physician's career with fervor and success. We all know—the authorities themselves proclaim it—that the Canadian nurse can generally give cards and spades to her republican sister and beat her in the great hospitals of the United States. "Send me a Canadian nurse," wrote a Massachusetts woman. "They are more likeable, more considerate, refined and reliable." And perhaps a Canadian lady doctor may get such a call in India, China, wherever her fate may send her and her sister across the line in company. We should be very proud of our nurses and our women doctors! At the reunion the other evening I was feeling that way, as I sat and studied the bright, intelligent, sometimes misanthropic, girls who had attained their ambition to make their own living by helping others to live. Girls from quiet country homes, girls who had first nursed in hospitals in great cities and knew the seamy side of humanity

sadly well, girls who had acquired poise and confidence from deep classical and mathematical studies, and girls who blushed and caught their breath and were obviously unused to speech-making. Being, as I confessed, a whole-souled admirer of the students touching their profession, I also found them interesting as sweet, wholesome Canadian women, and in my heart wished the lady doctors careers of unlimited success.

To those who remember the American Civil War, when the Union was rent and cemented in five years of bloodshed and misery, the sequel to Richard Carvel will be a book most fascinating. Not a deliberate sequel, but a sort of statistical study, is *The Crisis*. The crude, wonderful city of St. Louis in its swaddling clothes days, where Grant and Sherman lived, and near which Lincoln was born and bred, is the "locale" of the story. It is worth reading only to meet Abraham Lincoln in it. Such a queer, pathetic, true Lincoln as he was. When I was very small I caught the "influence" which is so truly described in *The Crisis* and I can see as if it were yesterday the still waxen face of the great and good President as I saw it before the tears blurred it from my view, lying in its coffin, slowly drawn through New York's silent streets, where the people wept, who had thought the war had left them no more tears to shed. This year, when our people went sadly because the ruler without reproach had laid down his sceptre and gone away from her empire, I have often recalled that sombre week in old New York, where, added to the grief at a nation's loss, was just as we have had it, the mourning for sons and husbands and brothers who had given their lives for their country. Not that South Africa ever held the rending tragedies of the Civil War, which has sad pre-eminence over any struggle ever waged, but many of the circumstances reminded me of it, when the tolling bells for Queen Victoria somehow got mixed up with the tolling bells in old New York that black Easter morning when sermons ended in sobs, and women took off their watches, diamonds, and even their rings, and piled them upon the collection plates for the benefit of the poor for invalid soldiers, blue or gray! The *Crisis* will be a book beloved of any who have conserved the memory of that time, and is so real and literal that I almost seem to have read it before. But then I wake up and see the blue soldier of '64, with always a knee for me to sit on, and always a fresh story of the war for me to tell.

LADY GAY.

## Prevention of Disease.

Keep the Stomach Right.

It is surprising what a safeguard a healthy stomach is against disease. And again it is not so surprising when it is remembered that the only way we get pure blood, strong nerves and firm flesh is from wholesome food, well digested. It is the half-digested food that causes the mischief. When the stomach is weak, slow, inactive, the food lies in the stomach for hours, fermenting, forming gases which poison the blood and the whole system, causing headache, pains in the back, shoulder-blades and chest, loss of appetite, palpitation, biliousness.

The safest cure for indigestion is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure pepsin and Golden Seal. Dissolve one or two of these tablets in the mouth after each meal. They are pleasant tasting and mingling with the food so assist the weak stomach that the food is perfectly digested before it has time to ferment.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion and increase flesh because they digest flesh-forming foods like meat, eggs, etc.

Sold by druggists at 50 cents per package. Absolutely safe and harmless.

## The Hard-to-Please.

There ain't no pleasin' people on this bloomin' earth below;

In the melfin' days o' Summer they're bollerin' fer Summer an' weather;

An' when the snow comes sittin' through the winders o' the sky,

They're bollerin' fer Summer an' weather not an' dry!

It's this way on the hilltop, it's this way on the plain;

"The craps are gittin' dusty; good Lord, send down the rain!"

An' when the fall is fallin' an' the weather's lookin' rough,

It's "Wonder if they'll drown us?" We done had rain enough!"

There ain't no pleasin' people, no matter what you do—

No matter what good fortune, they growl a life-time through;

An' when they leave this country to seek Heaven won't be cool enough fer them, an' 'tother place too hot!"

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta "Constitution."

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Telegram.—I do not know whether I reassured you as to the delineation. It surely was an excess of sensitiveness and suspicion which made you distort H. into M. However, as you fitted on the wrong cap it isn't my fault. Thanks for your enquiry. My visit to St. Catharines did me a very great deal of good. I found the baths most beneficial and pleasant. 2. Your writing is impulsive, and shows caution, amounting to mistrust, great buoyancy of thought and imagination, refinement and thought, with culture and much observation, and intelligent method. The will is not constant, nor the purpose and the temper good, and tenacity marked. Writer should be conservative and adhere to tradition. It is the writing of a superior person, the reverse of phlegmatic, and with much capacity for affection and decided ability.

Geraldine Ginks.—You are original and restless. The two minds of Castor and Pollux strive within you and disturb the poise of your character. You are an enigma as baby, in the hands of a capital as your element. I think you are critical in your attitude to others and impatient when surroundings are un congenial. The will is very strong and an-

sway well, girls who had acquired poise and confidence from deep classical and mathematical studies, and girls who blushed and caught their breath and were obviously unused to speech-making. Being, as I confessed, a whole-souled admirer of the students touching their profession, I also found them interesting as sweet, wholesome Canadian women, and in my heart wished the lady doctors careers of unlimited success.

To those who remember the American Civil War, when the Union was rent and cemented in five years of bloodshed and misery, the sequel to Richard Carvel will be a book most fascinating. Not a deliberate sequel, but a sort of statistical study, is *The Crisis*. The crude, wonderful city of St. Louis in its swaddling clothes days, where Grant and Sherman lived, and near which Lincoln was born and bred, is the "locale" of the story. It is worth reading only to meet Abraham Lincoln in it. Such a queer, pathetic, true Lincoln as he was. When I was very small I caught the "influence" which is so truly described in *The Crisis* and I can see as if it were yesterday the still waxen face of the great and good President as I saw it before the tears blurred it from my view, lying in its coffin, slowly drawn through New York's silent streets, where the people wept, who had thought the war had left them no more tears to shed. This year, when our people went sadly because the ruler without reproach had laid down his sceptre and gone away from her empire, I have often recalled that sombre week in old New York, where, added to the grief at a nation's loss, was just as we have had it, the mourning for sons and husbands and brothers who had given their lives for their country. Not that South Africa ever held the rending tragedies of the Civil War, which has sad pre-eminence over any struggle ever waged, but many of the circumstances reminded me of it, when the tolling bells for Queen Victoria somehow got mixed up with the tolling bells in old New York that black Easter morning when sermons ended in sobs, and women took off their watches, diamonds, and even their rings, and piled them upon the collection plates for the benefit of the poor for invalid soldiers, blue or gray! The *Crisis* will be a book beloved of any who have conserved the memory of that time, and is so real and literal that I almost seem to have read it before. But then I wake up and see the blue soldier of '64, with always a knee for me to sit on, and always a fresh story of the war for me to tell.

LADY GAY.

## Prevention of Disease.

Keep the Stomach Right.

It is surprising what a safeguard a healthy stomach is against disease. And again it is not so surprising when it is remembered that the only way we get pure blood, strong nerves and firm flesh is from wholesome food, well digested. It is the half-digested food that causes the mischief. When the stomach is weak, slow, inactive, the food lies in the stomach for hours, fermenting, forming gases which poison the blood and the whole system, causing headache, pains in the back, shoulder-blades and chest, loss of appetite, palpitation, biliousness.

The safest cure for indigestion is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure pepsin and Golden Seal. Dissolve one or two of these tablets in the mouth after each meal. They are pleasant tasting and mingling with the food so assist the weak stomach that the food is perfectly digested before it has time to ferment.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion and increase flesh because they digest flesh-forming foods like meat, eggs, etc.

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## The Hard-to-Please.

There ain't no pleasin' people on this bloomin' earth below;

In the melfin' days o' Summer they're bollerin' fer Summer an' weather;

An' when the snow comes sittin' through the winders o' the sky,

They're bollerin' fer Summer an' weather not an' dry!

It's this way on the hilltop, it's this way on the plain;

"The craps are gittin' dusty; good Lord, send down the rain!"

An' when the fall is fallin' an' the weather's lookin' rough,

It's "Wonder if they'll drown us?" We done had rain enough!"

There ain't no pleasin' people, no matter what you do—

No matter what good fortune, they growl a life-time through;

An' when they leave this country to seek Heaven won't be cool enough fer them, an' 'tother place too hot!"

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta "Constitution."

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Telegram.—I do not know whether I reassured you as to the delineation. It surely was an excess of sensitiveness and suspicion which made you distort H. into M. However, as you fitted on the wrong cap it isn't my fault. Thanks for your enquiry. My visit to St. Catharines did me a very great deal of good. I found the baths most beneficial and pleasant. 2. Your writing is impulsive, and shows caution, amounting to mistrust, great buoyancy of thought and imagination, refinement and thought, with culture and much observation, and intelligent method. The will is not constant, nor the purpose and the temper good, and tenacity marked. Writer should be conservative and adhere to tradition. It is the writing of a superior person, the reverse of phlegmatic, and with much capacity for affection and decided ability.

Geraldine Ginks.—You are original and restless. The two minds of Castor and Pollux strive within you and disturb the poise of your character. You are an enigma as baby, in the hands of a capital as your element. I think you are critical in your attitude to others and impatient when surroundings are un congenial. The will is very strong and an-

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mation and decision good. I have seldom seen so wilful a hand, though its very provokingness is a charm. You will be a law unto yourself as long as you live, and should make a decidedly plain mark somehow on the sands of time. Plenty of taste and a wholesome caution, with a tendency to be extreme, as evidenced by the writing of a very feminine and interesting person.

Eleanor.—Anything beside dusting that you're good for? Well, I think yes! I think you should be popular and all the possibilities of very good and very bad development. I am afraid the fire burns pretty hot sometimes, and the lightning flashes. There is much pride and some intellect, good energy and quick perception, very bright, clever and unselfish. You could hardly take up the noble profession seriously as a pastime between now and your wedding.

The Kid.—All about me, again, Kid! I feel out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks. I am a doubtful writer, and if I see any murderous traits I'll let you know. I am afraid sometimes you kids don't possess that sixth sense which ought to tell you just what you ask me to find out. What sense? Common sense, my dear. Would I marry a divorced man? Certainly not, or I'd be up for bigamy. You're a queer youngster. I suppose you mean should answer to the matter. I did enjoy the show, thank you. I am very easily amused. Please don't write "Oh, say in your letters. It's exceedingly poor form."

Kidder.—No girl of sixteen over whom I had influence should read Ouida's novels. They feed the wrong part of her make-up at that character-forming time. The day might come when she could read Ouida and assimilate the good and leave the bad, but not for some years after sixteen. I have tried a long while to get time to read Eleanor, so far unsuccessfully. Mrs. Humphrey Ward wrote Robert Elsmere, and all her writings are clever, but not always comfortable to take. Your writing shows great force, some ambition, good control, and affectionate nature. You like ease and material blessings, and have always an eye to the practical. This is excellent promise of tact, sympathy and capability for thought, but the writing is not fully developed. Beware of small insinuations in speech.

Any M. H.—You did not give a non-de plume. Your writing shows some refinement, dominant power, but not very obvious methods of enforcing it. You would probably rely by influence. Taste is dainty and general temper pleasant. There is much indecision in the purpose of this study. It is, I think, inexperienced. The day as well as month is required. Writer loves the ways and things she is accustomed to, and would not easily adapt herself to others.

Karshish.—A very forceful and independent character, fond of a good time, somewhat sentimental or sentimental through the emotions, not logical nor adapted to argument, somewhat ambitious and generally quick and bright in perception. Yes, I have a very good idea what you are like, and can only remark, "Shake!" You are self-reliant, a trifle assertive and brightly discriminating. Glad you agree with me about the little man. I'm quite fond of him, and meant every word. But there are imitation Queexes, too!

Constant Reader.—I haven't seen you for a long time. So glad you still continue. Whenever you see the October child was born for woe was simply "batty." It is the month of imagination, bright minds, mercurial temperaments. The scales go up and down, and there is sunshine as often as cloud. I adore the October people when they are

in earnest about themselves. 2. Your writing is neat and pretty and careful and young. Taste and love of beauty and self-respect and even judgment, and much refinement and some humor, discretion and good sequence of ideas are shown, but little initiative snap or originality. It's a formal specimen.

The Prince.—Civilization has shortened your letter, your highness! I am sorry the book was delayed. So I surprised you? Ah, well, it didn't hurt much, I fancy. I have another book which you may like. Let us hear where to send it. Here's wishing you all sorts of good times this summer. Maybe I'm coming out



# Beraud's New Picture of Christ.

THE most remarkable work in this year's Paris Salon is pronounced to be a painting by Jean Beraud, called "Christ Bound to a Pillar." It is thus described by a correspondent:

"By its daring conception, masterful coloring and technique, no less than by the artist's choice of a harrowing subject, verging upon the sacrilegious, this picture seems to hypnotize all who enter the room in which it hangs. Beraud's memorable 'Modern Christ,' which caused a sensation about a dozen years ago; his 'Parisian Magdalen' and his 'Descent from the Cross' are all surpassed by this new Christ with blue eyes and auburn hair, crowned with thorns and clad in a flowing scarlet robe, standing at bay with bare and bleeding breast, confronted by an infuriated group of twentieth-century persecutors. Around the Saviour's waist is a rope thrice coiled, being pulled tight by a stalwart workman in corduroy trousers, who, to obtain a better purchase, presses his upraised knee against the right thigh of the Christ. A herculean butcher, with brutal head and wearing a blood-stained apron, and having a clasp-knife and steel darning from his side, is drawing up the sleeve from his forearm, preparatory to giving the coup de grace. An oily, sensual stockbroker, wearing the Phrygian cap of liberty, clothes of the latest cut, and a vulgar profusion of jewelry, helps to adjust the rope around the Saviour's waist. A Free Mason in evening dress, white tie, and wearing the apron and insignia of the thirty-third degree, threatens Jesus with his clenched fist. A harlot clutches the Saviour's hair, about to tear it from the scalp. A weird, nervous, male hand in the foreground grasps a stone. There are uplifted arms and hands holding whips, canes and burning torches. The countenances gleam with anger, irony and hatred. Almost all the figures are represented with open mouths, from which one can hear in imagination utterances of jeering and derision. These twentieth-century persecutors are students, socialists and artisans, all the more disquieting in their portraiture because their faces resemble those of prominent men in French public life. This strange 'Hic Flagellavit' is unquestionably Beraud's masterpiece."

## Dooley on Speculation.

MR. DOOLEY has resumed business at the old stand, and is enlightening Mr. Hennessy on recent events in speculative circles:

"They're no intoxicant in the wurrul, Hinnissy, like money. It goes to the head quicker than the whiskey the druggist makes in his back room. A little money taken from frinds in a social way or fr the stomach's sake is not so bad. A man can make money slowly an go on increasin' his capacity till he can carry his load without staggerin' an do nawnthin' vilent with a million or two aboard. But some iv these la-ads has been thryin' to consume th' intire outfit, an it looks to me as though 'twas about time to call in the polis. 'Tis like when Scaldy Quinn an Scrapy Burke, two Titans at rough-an-tumble, comes in here to glory in their strength over th' bottle, an Burke puts up a kag iv beer with wan hand an Quinn bets he can toss th' cabur further thin anny man on th' road, and wan wurrul leads to another an all wurruls leads to a fight. 'I'm th' gr-reater consolidator in th' wurrul,' says Scaldy Harriman; 'I've consolidated th' U.P., th' K.R., an L., th' R.O., an T., th' B.U., an M., an th' N. an G.,' says he. 'I've a line iv smoke reachin' fr'm wan ocean to th' other,' he says; 'I'm no ord'nary person,' he says; 'I'm not a banker lindin' other people's money at six per cent., or a railroad president haulin' hogs to market,' he says. 'I'm a Titan,' he says. 'If ye don't believe it, look at th' pap-ers,' he says, 'an ask me,' he says. 'I'm a Titan an I'm lookin' fr trouble,' he says; 'an here it comes,' he says. 'Hurroo, hurroo,' th' back iv me hand an th' sole iv me fut to all an several,' he says. 'You a consolidator?' says Scrapy Morgan. 'Why,' he says, 'ye cudden't mix drinks fr me,' he says. 'I'm th' on'y ruffian consolidator in th' gleamin' West,' he says. 'I've jined th' mountains iv th' moon railway with th' canals iv Mars, an I'll be haulin' wind fr'm th' caves iv Saturn before th' first iv th' year,' he says. 'Titan, says ye? I'm all th' Titans, th' U.S. Titan Company consolidated, an I've bonded th' strength iv me back an put out five hundred millions iv stock iv th' power iv me mighty arms,' he says. 'I've belted th' wurrul with steel, an I think to meself I'll now belt you,' he says. 'An they clesely embrace. What happens?' says

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Abbey's Effervescent Salt will cure you. It starts and keeps the whole system in proper working order. It is a cathartic and more—it not only moves the bowels but it acts as a tonic for the entire body—gives you normal, natural, every-day health.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt will not only add years to your life but life to every year you live.

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ye. Well, th' big la-ads is strong an knows how to guard, an when they're spread out, small harm has come to them. But th' little drunk financiers that 're not used to th' flowin' dividend an th' quick profit that biteth like a wasp an stings like an adder, th' little la-ads that are carryin' more thin they can hold an' walk, are picked out in pieces. An as fr me, th' innocent man that let th' two burles in me place to riot, I've got to make a call on th' furniture dealers in th' mornin'. That's what Hogan calls. Oh, P-nance. Oh, Finance, as Shakespeare says, how many crimes ar-re committed in thy name!

"'Twas a fine spree while it lasted, Hinnissy. Niver before in th' hist'ry iv th' wurrul has so many barbers an waiters been on th' verge iv a private yacht. Th' capitalist that tided to th' wants iv th' inner Jawn W. Gates lost his job at th' Waldorf-Astoria fr lettin' his diamond studs fall into a bowl iv soup that he was carryin' to a former member iv th' chambermaid staff that had found a tip on Northern Passyfic on the flure iv Jim Keene's room, an on retrin' offered to match th' proprietor fr th' hotel. The barber in th' third chair cut off part iv th' nose iv th' president iv th' Con an' Founder whin A. P. went up fourteen pints. He compromised with his victim be takin' a place on th' board iv th' comp'n'y. Th' effect iv the boom on th' necessities iv life, like champagne an' race-horses and chorus girls, common an' preferred, was threemous. It looked fr awhile as though most iv th' meen-y wurrul iv th' country would have to be done be old-line millionaires who'd made their money sellin' four cents' worth iv stove-polish fr a nickel. But it's all past now. Th' waiter has returned to his mutton, an th' barber to his plowshare. Th' chorus girl has resumed th' position fr which nature intended her, an the usual yachtin' will be done on th' cable cars at 8 a.m. an 6 p.m., as before. Th' jag is over."

## The Carpenter.

In California, and along the southwestern boundary of the United States, lives a woodpecker known among the Mexicans as El Carpintero, the carpenter. Mrs. F. H. Eckstorm says, in her book called The Woodpeckers, that a carpenter's work is not only the profession but the pastime of this gentleman, and that he seems really to enjoy his business.

When there is nothing more pressing to be done, he spends his time tinkering about, fitting acorns into the holes he has drilled in trees. Each acorn is pushed into a hole made purposely for it, butt end out, and driven in flush with the surface, so that a much-frequented tree often looks as if it were studded with ornamental nails.

The carpenter's labor is something enormous. Whole trees will sometimes be covered with his traces, and a single one has thousands of acorns embedded in its bark so neatly and tightly that no other creature can remove them. Take a piece of spruce bark, seven inches long by six wide, containing ten acorns and two empty holes. As spruce bark is much harder and rougher than the pine bark in which the carpenter usually stores his nuts, this specimen looks rough and unfinished; but it gives us a definite bit of information about the bird.

Think of the work implied in digging those twelve holes. Think of carrying ten large acorns, and driving them in so tightly that, after years of shrinking, they cannot be removed by a knife without injuring the acorn or the bark. Yet this represents but the smallest part of the woodpecker's industry. He could not live long on ten acorns. He must gather many times ten for his winter's needs.

Possibly the ten contained in this piece of bark could be eaten in one day without surflet.

I have experimented on this piece of bark, using a woodpecker's bill for a tool, and it takes me twenty minutes

to dig a hole as large, but not so neat, as these. Doubtless it would not take the woodpecker so long; but at my rate of working, four hours were spent in digging these twelve holes.

The work is done so accurately that it is a standing taunt to the hungry jays and squirrels, which would gladly eat the nuts if they could get at them. As nearly as we can estimate it, not less than half a day must have been spent in putting these acorns in where we find them. Thus weeks, if not months, are consumed in laying up the winter's stores.

## Weak From Infancy.

The Unfortunate Condition of Miss Ernestine Cloutier.

As She Grew Older Her Troubles Became More Pronounced—Doctors Said Her Case Was One of General Debility, and Held Out Small Hope of Recovery—She Is Now Well and Strong—A Lesson For Parents.

From the "Telegraph," Quebec.

No discovery in medicine in modern times has done so much to bring back the rich glow of health and the natural activity of healthy young womanhood to weak and ailing girls as has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Girls delicate from childhood have used these pills with remarkably beneficial effects, and the cherished daughter of many a household has been transformed from a pale and sickly girl into a happy and robust condition by their use.

Among the many who have regained health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Ernestine Cloutier, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. G. A. Cloutier, residing at No. 3 Lallemand street, Quebec city. Mr. Cloutier, in an interview with a representative of the "Telegraph," gave the following account of his daughter's illness and recovery: "Almost from infancy my daughter had not enjoyed good health, her constitution being of a frail character. We did not pay much attention to her weakness, as we thought that she would outgrow it. Unfortunately this was not the case, and as she grew older she became so weak that I got alarmed at her condition. For days at a time she was unable to take out of doors exercise; she became listless, her appetite failed her, and as time went on she could not stand without supporting herself against something, and at times she would fall in a faint. I called in a doctor, but his medicine did not help her, and she was growing weaker than ever. Another physician was then consulted, who pronounced her case one of general debility, and gave me very little hope for her recovery. Some months ago, while reading one of the daily papers, I came across the case of a young woman cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so I determined to give them a trial. After she had used about three boxes the color began to come back to her cheeks and she began to grow stronger. Greatly encouraged by this, she continued to use the pills for several months, and now she is as well as any girl of her age. Her appetite is good, and she has gained thirty-five pounds in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have built up her system and have made her healthy and active after doctors failed to benefit her. I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest known medicine for growing girls, and I would advise their use in all cases similar to that of my daughter's."

Miss Cloutier's story should bring hope to many thousands of other young girls who suffer as she did. Those who are pale, lack appetite, suffer from headaches and palpitation of the heart, dizziness, or a feeling of constant weariness, will find renewed health and strength in the use of a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

## Al Hayman's Career.

AL HAYMAN, one of the chief magnates of the theatrical syndicate, has been admitted with in the charmed circle of New York fashion, and is erecting a costly residence in millionaires' row. Hayman's remarkable career is recalled by a San Francisco weekly. Not so many years ago he was working on salary in that city. He laid the foundation of his fortune there, and then went to New York and established a circuit. Now he is fabulously rich.

Hayman began his career in San Francisco in the early seventies. He came thither from Australia, where he had got himself financially and legally entangled in a map-publishing venture. When he came to San Francisco he was given a job by Mike Leavitt, lessee of the old Bush Street Theater, and impresario of the Adamless Eden Company. Hayman was made treasurer of the theater at forty dollars per week. Later on a syndicate of his friends who are probably forgotten by him put up twenty-five hundred dollars cash to give him a start at the Baldwin Theater. He scratched along at the Baldwin with varying success, until he found himself absolutely unable to meet his contract to bring the Emma Abbott opera company out west. Now, at that time Emma Abbott was new to the coast, and everybody felt that if she appeared there she would have a successful season. In his dilemma Hayman sought the assistance of his friends. Those that responded were Mr. M. H. de Young of the "Chronicle" and A. N. Towne of the Southern Pacific Company. With their assistance Hayman was enabled to land the opera company in San Francisco, and Emma Abbott opened to a big house, with three representatives in the box office instead of one. Her engagement was a phenomenal success, and left Hayman with a little ready money. His next great success was the Shadows of a Great City, with Osbourne and Stockwell in the leading roles. Subsequently Hayman organized a corporation to enable his friends to get a share of the good things he had. "Many of them wish that he hadn't," adds the paper from which these particulars are gleaned.

## Times Have Changed.

The "Youth's Companion" tells of some Americans who had long lived in England and spent last summer in Maine, and, wishing to play golf, got permission from a farmer to use some pasture-land, and there laid out links.

The farmer's old servant, scandalized by the sight of tall, athletic girls in scarlet coats, armed with iron-hoofed clubs, striding over the fields, one day reported to his master:

"Them girls in the pasture scare our cows!"

The farmer scratched his head. "Hiram," came his leisurely answer, "times is changed since we was young. Used to be the cows scared the girls!"

## The Rage For Writing.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for May is a poem by Henry Webb, entitled The Age of Ink, of which one couplet runs:

Lured to the brink, women and men  
A moment pause—then dip a pen.

But they do not pause. Mr. Webb, not even for a moment, and especially not the women. No, in they go, "slinging ink" in all directions, splashing about and floundering here and there. There is an idea abroad in the world that "there's millions in it," and everyone is intent on grasping a share, whether or not he ever emerges from the ink sea to enjoy his prize. There is no art, craft or trade that has not in these days its "organ," and there is no one of any age, sex or condition of servitude who is not confident of a latent ability to write something. A snow-bound passenger train or a besieged garrison must have its paper or magazine, and the worthy contributors who are at first actuated by no other motive than passing the time are almost certain to join the vast army who wear hollows in the stairways of periodical

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and publishing houses. Mr. Morrah, editor of the "Literary Year Book," says: "Literature is a maze into which people have a way of straying without ever knowing what they want to do or whither they want to go." The slightest and most ephemeral connection with anyone who has raised his head above the crowd is a good excuse for a magazine article, and to have written a book is sufficient to furnish material for writing forever more. It is like jumping on to a moving train; you may get on but you can't get off.

## Getting the News First.

Everyone remembers how the British public were scandalized by the indecent yellow-journal tactics of some of the newspaper representatives at Osborne House at the time of the Queen's death. A striking account is to hand of "up-to-date" Yankee journalism as practised in the case of the recent critical illness of President McKinley's wife in San Francisco. A society weekly published in that city says:

"The newspapers kept a 'death-watch' on the Scott residence day and night. The utmost vigilance was exercised throughout, and the rival newspapers were on the qui vive for the first news of the death which was expected every hour. Headquarters were established by each of the dailies in fashionable residences in close proximity to the Scott home, and each newspaper was in direct telephonic communication with its representative, who was always near a window, ready to receive a signal from a confere on the sidewalk. It was an exciting time for the reporters, but many incidents occurred that amused them."

It is a wonder Mrs. McKinley's death was not announced prematurely, as was the Queen's.

## A Sure Indication.

"Business is business."  
"Whom have you cheated?"

Little James had been telling a visitor that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed," said the visitor, "and what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."—Pittsburg "Bulletin."

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"Why no, I went as a cavalier."  
"I guess Billings was mistaken, then. He said he saw you and you looked like the devil."

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"Well," said the man who handed his fee to the lawyer, "I suppose turn about is fair play. I broke the law and the law broke me."





**M**R. A. S. VOGT is fortunate in having a number of pupils of brilliant attainments as pianists, who are rapidly acquiring the technical equipment and musical knowledge necessary to constitute successful solo players. A recent illustration of this fact was afforded in the recital given last week in the Conservatory of Music by Mr. Leslie J. Hodgson, one of Mr. Vogt's most talented pupils. There was a large and fashionable audience, who were aroused to enthusiasm by the young pianist's fine rendering of a very choice and exacting programme. Among the numbers given were Mozart's great concerto in D minor with the Reincke cadenza, Saint-Saens' Marche Heroique for two pianos, with Miss Quereau at the second piano, the Schubert-Tausig Marche Militaire, the Liszt transcription of the Tannhauser march, and smaller pieces by Paderewski, Foote, Gruentfeld and Liszt. In the Mozart concerto Mr. Hodgson was assisted by Mr. Douglas Bertram, and the work received a clear and illuminating rendering, the bravura passages being executed with brilliant and beautifully accented definition, and with a broad and comprehensive grasp of conception in general. The other numbers displayed Mr. Hodgson's versatility and catholicity of taste to advantage. Messrs. Hodgson and Bertram leave shortly for Germany, to continue their studies under famous masters, and complete the musical and artistic equipment of which Mr. Vogt has laid so solid and sterling a foundation. The selections of the evening were judiciously varied with vocal solos sung by the Misses Janet Grant and Marie Wheeler, two promising pupils of Mrs. Julie Wyman, who sang numbers by Schumann, Vannab and Parker with taste and finish.

In a recent article on piano education Mr. W. S. B. Mathews voices the opinion that most of the elementary studies ought to be rewritten. "We are the victims," he says, "of a superstition that it is easier to play in the key of C than any other, and that it is very unsafe to play in the hands about which what is called 'the correct position' of the hands has been acquired. In one sense, the correct position of the hands is as much a misnomer as the correct position of a gentleman. Of course, there is a sense in which you can speak of the correct position of a gentleman. He ought to be right end up, but beyond this there is very little definition you can apply without having to modify it the first time he moves about. It is the same thing with the hands. They should be free upon the piano. What we call the curved position of the hand—the graceful, well-rounded hand—is merely the natural position which a strong hand takes in repose, and just as soon as the weak side of the hand is developed to its proper powers in comparison with the strong side, the hand will assume this position with very little further attention. Therefore, I consider it a mistake to confine the playing to five finger forms; but, on the contrary, the hand should be freely moved from one part of the piano and the melody be allowed to skip about according to the demands of the musical idea."

The choir of Berkeley Street Methodist Church gave a very successful and enjoyable concert on the evening of the 28th ult. The soloists were Mr. Harold Jarvis, the Misses Pauline Oakley, Ethel Webster and Sara E. Bradley, and Mr. S. P. Martin, vocalists; Miss Lena Hayes, violinist; Miss Florence Brown, organist, and Miss Jean Crozier, pianist. Mr. Jarvis sang in his usual attractive manner, while the vocal singers received warm tributes of very gratifying approval. The instrumental solos were not the least of the successes of the evening. The choir contributed several choice selections with an excellent volume of tone and with good light and shade effects, their efforts reflecting much credit upon their instructress, Mrs. Bradley.

A very successful recital by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight, principal of the vocal department of the Toronto Junction College of Music, was given at Kilmarnock on Thursday last week. Those who appeared were Messrs. John Haywood, E. C. Tyrrell, Warren E. Bell, Frederick Curtis, Mrs. J. Little, and the Misses Belle Shannon and Annie Lee. Numbers by Barrie, Bevens, Lohr, Hawley, Ganz, Vannab, Handel and Normann were rendered with a finish and a musical interpretation that evidenced careful instruction and the possession of good natural talents on the part of the pupils. Assistance was given by senior piano pupils of the college and the college band and guitar club. Mr. Theodore Ives, the Misses Alice McEnaney, Alice Ives, Bertha Brooks, Mildred Cornock, Dorothy Davis and Aleda Edgar contributed a number of choice piano solos, all distinguished by technical and musical merit, while Miss Georgie Mavety gave a reading that pleased greatly. There was a large attendance, and the recital was much enjoyed.

Last Monday evening the lecture hall of Bond Street Congregational Church was filled by an appreciative audience, to hear a programme given by pupils of Mr. A. B. Jury. The singing and playing showed that careful attention had been paid to the development of tone and technique. The programme embraced compositions by Beethoven, Schira, Bruce, Hawley, Bartlett, Wright, Dell'Acqua, Macy and Cartwright, which were rendered by Misses L. B. Dent, F. Poucher, M. Wilson, Z. Hyslop, and Messrs. E. Plant, R. Fulton, M. Sellers, E. Harris and F. Fulton. Much interest was added to the evening by two elocution pupils, Misses

B. Violet and F. Galbraith, whose readings elicited much applause.

An unusually large number of applications have already been made for membership in the Toronto Male Chorus Club next season, and male singers desirous of joining will do well to remember that the lists close on the 15th inst. Applications should be made to the secretary, Mr. Duncan Donald, 28 Wellington street east. In the notice of the events of the past musical season I inadvertently stated that the Misses Heintzman and Winlow made their debut at the Male Chorus Club concert. I should have said at Mr. Tripp's recital.

The Western "Daily Press" (England) recently contained the following advertisement: "Wanted, choir master. Church three miles from Bristol. Small salary, rising to £10 per annum after twelve years' service. To attend Sunday, two week nights and festivals." This notice is no doubt intended as a sarcasm upon the small salaries paid to chorists in England. The golden promise held out after twelve years' service betrays the joke.

The text of Bolto's new opera, Nero, is said to be very promising. The work is in five acts, and gives a panorama of six views of Roman life under Nero. The scenes passing in the circus, the catacombs, the theatre and church of the Christians, and ending with the burning of Rome. The Emperor is the leading character, and next in importance comes the magician Simon. He is sought by the Emperor, who wishes to get him into his power through the Egyptian snake-charmer, Asteria. The Christian world is represented through the wonder-working Panuel and the vestal Rubria, who is sacrificed by Nero on account of her religion. The denouement is extremely tragic. The Christians are condemned to death, the magician is compelled to commit suicide by jumping from a tower, while the snake-charmer dies in the arms of Nero, who is pursued by the agonies of his conscience over the death of his mother, and the finale is a ballet of spectres. Bolto has produced nothing in the way of opera since Melisiole, and the expected performance of Nero at La Scala next winter will be awaited with a good deal of curiosity.

Mr. William H. Sherwood will conduct the annual examinations in piano as usual this year at the Conservatory of Music, and will also give a recital under the auspices of that institution.

Speaking about Garcia, the veteran singing-master, who recently celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday in London, Frederick W. Root says: "I asked him for an expression of opinion upon one after another of the many questions which are debated, not to say quibbled about, among voice teachers. When I brought up the general subject of 'voice placing,' he replied: 'The voice is made in the larynx, and issues from the mouth; that is all there is to it.' Nor would he give sanction to the almost universal custom of locating sensations of tone in the cranium, forehead, nose, etc., for he said: 'All that is superfluous.' Regarding energizing the diaphragm for voice control, he said: 'Let me see you breathe once, and describe the process.' I did so. He replied: 'Is there anything rigid about it?' I answered, 'No.' He said: 'You can't improve upon that.' I tried one thing after another of the devices voice teachers use, to get his opinion upon them, but he only shook his head."

Miss Ella L. Rogers, an elocutionary pupil of Miss Lillian Burns at the Metropolitan School of Music, gave her "graduating" recital at the institution on Monday evening. Her programme consisted of eight appropriate selections, differing in style, of course, but all were given with a remarkable level of excellence. Miss Rogers is a very entertaining reader, and seems well fitted naturally and by training for a successful professional career. Variety was afforded by Miss May Wookley, an exceptionally clever and brilliant piano pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, and by Mr. Edwin B. Jackson, baritone, whose higher studies are being pursued with Mrs. S. Ryan Burke, a member of the Metropolitan's vocal staff. Mr. Jackson has already established a well-founded reputation as a singer of merit, and his performances in the recital under notice served to accentuate the value of that reputation. Miss Rogers, the central figure of the occasion, is to be congratulated upon the success marking the graduating point of her student experiences.

Forty years ago Mme. Patti made her debut at Covent Garden Theatre, London, in La Sonnambula. The cast was as follows: Aminta, Mme. Patti; Liza, Miss Tagliabue; Count Rodolfo, Signor Tagliabue; Elvino, Signor Terzini; Teresa, Mme. Leva; Alceste, Signor Polonini. Apart from the subscription there was only \$250 in the house, but the next morning the box office was crowded with applicants for seats.

The English comic opera success, Florodora, entered upon its thirtieth week last Monday at the Casino Theatre, New York. It is now the only musical play in the city, and will probably have a long and prosperous summer engagement.

The London "Daily News" says that Covent Garden Theatre contains two distinct audiences. The humbler folk, those who pay half-crowns and half-guineas, prefer short extracts, and would like to see the performance over at eleven o'clock. But the rich, who are indispensable, prefer late performances. Many of them do not arrive till between nine and ten—that is to say, after the fashionable dinner hour. And although the opera is not over till past midnight, it is too early for them, and for this reason two of the fashionable restaurants have secured extra licenses till 2 a.m. for opera suppers. It has sarcastically been suggested that in order to please everybody, opera will eventually have to take a leaf out of the book of the East End music halls, and be conducted on the "two houses a night" principle.

The subscriptions to the Victoria

Memorial Organ Fund are very close to the \$1000 mark. Now is the time to present the canvass with increased energy, and secure for Toronto the finest organ on the continent.

It is probable that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Paur, will visit Toronto next season. It is said that the orchestra has wonderfully developed of late under Herr Paur's instruction.

Owing to the multiplicity of her engagements, Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher has only recently been able to decide upon July 10 as the date upon which to open at Buffalo her normal—or teachers—course in the Fletcher Music Method, simplex and kindergarten. As announced in another column, Mr. E. L. Roberts, secretary of the Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, can give information concerning the course, but as specific educational qualifications on the part of candidates are required by Miss Fletcher, those desiring admission to the class are advised to act at once, in order to have all necessary preliminaries settled. Provision is being made for the assembly in Toronto of a number of candidates who, under escort, will leave for Buffalo on July 9.

Mr. James Fitch Thomson has again been in his native city for a few days. He has just completed the most successful season of his career, and returns to New York on Saturday to confer with his manager for next season. During the summer a few musical engagements at Newport, Narragansett and Bar Harbor are the only incidents which will take him from his studies. During the past season his five song recitals in Boston won him a lasting reputation in that place. The programmes were among the most artistic musical exhibits ever presented there by a single artist, according to the critics, and the many who heard him sing Beethoven's Creation's Hymn in St. James' Cathedral here last Sunday will appreciate the favor with which his singing was received in that city. Mr. Thomson begins his next season in New York early in the fall, in a series of eight song recitals, the programmes of which will include the choicest compositions in German and English musical literature.

#### "Summer Days."

This is a booklet illustrating an ideal Lake Simcoe hotel (with cottages). Get one from G. T. R. off (King and Yonge) or Manager Orchard Point, Atherley, Ont.

#### A School For Boys.

One of the chief points of excellence of St. Alban's School, which is removing from Berthier, P.Q., to Brockville, Ont., is that it follows a modified English model. It does not pay to transfer Old Country methods in all their conservative force to young Canada. The efforts to copy English methods here have often failed, simply because sufficient thought has not been given to the idea of adaptation. There are absolutely no schools in the whole world to be compared with the great English "public" schools. But if it were possible to transfer "Rugby" itself to Canada, without a single change or alteration, there is no doubt it would be a terrible failure. The headmaster of "St. Alban's," Brockville, judging from his record of eight years' scholastic work in England, "sandwiched" between two and three years in Canada, ought to be able to supply the special adaptation required.

#### Titles of Books.

**T**HE difficulty of finding titles for books becomes more obvious each season, and the time and thought devoted by authors to the selection of an appropriate title which has not already been used is equalled only by the anxiety of the young mother to send her first baby forth well found in the matter of a name. James Payne, the English novelist, was twice forced to pay heavy damages for having inadvertently infringed upon the copyright of other authors whose books he had never heard of. Jules Clarette had a similar experience in making a selection. He first called his book L'Oeil du Mort, or Dead Man's Eye, and immediately a suit was brought against him, for this title had been used some twenty years before, and though the original book had been neither popular nor successful, it was held to be obliged to select a new name. L'Accusateur. James Lane Allen's novel, The Reign of Law, was published in England under a different name because the late Duke of Argyll had already used Mr. Allen's title, though not for a novel. Both Miss Florence Marryat and Richard Orton have taken the same title, The Poison of Aspis, for works of fiction. Some authors are extremely happy in the selection of their titles, but just as often as not a book is handicapped by its name. The milk-and-water title which Hardy chose for a book which by no means his worst, A Pair of Blue Eyes, must have often turned the scale with the hesitating reader. It is said that Hardy's titles seldom suggest the strength of his work, but that objection falls after the book has been read. One of his books had no less than three names before its final publication. On its first appearance in Harper's magazine it was called The Simpletons, which was later changed to Hearties, but when issued in book form it was again rechristened as Jude, the Obscure. Kipling's titles are all more or less striking, but his best ones are saved for the individual stories, not for the books. There is a tide in the fashion of naming books, as in everything else, and when any particular form of nomenclature makes a hit there is sure to be a host of imitations. After Mrs. Deland gave us John Ward, Preacher, which was evidently suggested to her by the older and ever-popular John Halifax, Gentleman, there followed fast and followed faster John March, Southerner; Metzerott, Shoemaker; Harold Bradley, Playwright; Caleb West, Master Diver; Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker; John Ship, Mariner, and a score or so more which attained less prominence. Some Emotions and a Moral set the pace for a

while. Quotations from Scripture or from Shakespeare form a considerable number of titles. Thicker Than Water, Cruel as the Grave, The Mark of the Beast, Bread Upon the Waters, Slings and Arrows, Perchance to Dream, are samples of this style. Dickens usually contented himself by using the name of his principal character, and Thackeray seems to have given little time to the selection of names for his brain children. George Eliot also chose short titles, her two exceptions being The Mill on the Floss and The Impressions of Theophrastus Such, which last is cumbersome with nothing else to recommend it. There are a surprisingly large number of titles in which the numeral two forms a part. As to color, red and golden outdistance all else. Time was when alliteration was much sought after, and we still have occasional instances like the Quest of the Golden Girl, Red Rock, Captains Courageous, and Beside the Bonny Briar Bush, but that is now relegated solely to the "nickel libraries" which the adventurous schoolboy conceals between the pages of his geography. There is as little likelihood that it will ever be revived for better books as that we shall again resort to such monstrosities as were in vogue amongst the goodly folk of Cromwell's time, and of which High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness, Hooks and Spikes for Believers, Breches, The Spiritual Muffard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze With Devotion, and A Sign of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel Known Among Men as Samuel Fish are examples.

#### A "Slim" Lieutenant.

One day the officer commanding a Sussex volunteer regiment met one of his lieutenants on the rifle range. The lieutenant was shooting, and he "called" each shot as he fired without waiting for the markers to signal the result. "You're a pretty good guesser," said the colonel, "Why don't you admit your guessing where those shots land?" "I bet you a box of cigars," said the junior officer, "that I can call twenty shots correctly in succession." "Taken!" said the older warrior, who was nothing if not a sportsman. The lieutenant fired. "Miss," he announced, and a red flag from the target told that this was correct. Another shot. "Miss," he declared. A third shot. "Miss again," he said. Fourth shot. "Fourth miss," announced the young officer. Another shot. "Miss," again sang out the lieutenant. "Hold on there!" put in the colonel. "What are you trying to do? I thought you were going to fire at the target." "I am trying to win my box of cigars," said the lieutenant. "Don't fire any more," said the colonel; "they're yours."

#### An English Schoolboy's Essay.

"How the Saxons became Christians." The schoolboy for whose bona-fides the "Schoolmaster" vouches tells us all about it in the following submitted composition: "When the Saxons first came into England it was strange to them. The English said to the romans you are strangers to us. The romans began to fight the English. The romans beat them. The romans went home letting the guns and cannons of. The english went home sad. The next time the saxons came into England. The english said we have beat the saxons this time, the romans beat us the last time. We will give them beans the next time they come."

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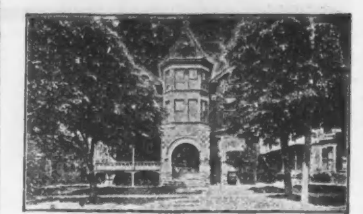
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## An Incident

In Which the Opinion of a Popular Composer Receives Literal Illustration by a Prominent Pianist



After he had heard the Piano's, Moszkowski said:

"Anyone hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think it is a great virtuoso that plays."

The literal truth of this statement was demonstrated recently in an interesting and very forcible manner.

Pugno, the celebrated French pianist and the head of a piano department in the Paris Conservatory, was visiting a gentleman in whose house there was a Pianola. The instrument was in the room next to the one in which M. Pugno was being entertained. Entirely unaware of the presence of the great pianist, the son of the host began playing the Pianola. The piece he had selected was a very difficult composition of Chopin's, and Pugno, after the opening chords, ceased talking and began listening to the music with every evidence of interest and pleasure. He could not see the performer and did not know there was a Pianola in the house, but he could hear and was attracted by the music.

When the playing had ceased, he immediately turned to his host and said, "Who was that playing? He is really a remarkable performer."

To appreciate the full significance of this wonderful tribute to the Pianola we must remember that Pugno is not only a player of international reputation—he is a teacher of the piano, and at the head of this department of instruction in the largest conservatory in the world. He is accustomed and his ear is trained to listen for every slightest defect in touch, technique, and expression. It is his business to do this. And yet he not only did not know that he was listening to the performance of an automatic instrument, but, on the contrary, he said that the player was a wonderfully fine performer.

The young man who played for Pugno was not a musician, and he only did what anyone can do with a Pianola after a few simple lessons.



We are demonstrating the possibilities of this remarkable instrument to all who call at our exhibition rooms. We are always glad to show the instrument to anyone sufficiently interested to visit us. You need not feel the usual hesitancy about going to see a thing you do not expect to purchase, as we have rooms especially set apart for displaying the Pianola, and employ a staff of men whose sole duty it is to play the instrument and exhibit it to visitors.

The marked popularity of the Pianola in the Summer Home leads to a belief that an examination of this instrument before they leave town is of interest to everyone.

PRICE, \$275.00

Can be bought by monthly instalments if desired.

**The Mason & Risch Piano Co.,** 32 KING ST. WEST TORONTO

Miss Annie Humphreys, was born near Norval in 1832, and went to Owen Sound as a bride forty-four years ago. Her husband, who was a prominent citizen of that town, predeceased her about six years. Three daughters, Misses Annie, Lizzie and Maggie, and four sons, Alderman A. M. Anderson of Owen Sound, John of St. Louis and William and Dr. George Anderson of Owen Sound, survive their parents. The funeral of Mrs. Anderson took place on Monday last.

Mrs. Reaves, Mrs. Richards and their hostess, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, have gone to Winnipeg.

At the Hendrie-Brown wedding on Wednesday a strong national touch was given by the forming up of the pipers of the 48th Regiment, who lined the drive as the carriage containing the bride and groom drove away from Bowbrook, and played the music that brings every Scotchman's heart to bay.

Mrs. Harrington of Napanee, Mr. Hamilton of Port William, Miss Whyte of Winnipeg and Miss Macpherson of Philadelphia were guests in town for the Macpherson-Miln wedding on Tuesday.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Barbara Cross, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cross, to Mr. William J. Coates is announced to take place on Wednesday, June 12.

Mrs. Hendrie of Holmstead is leaving for Detroit, to be with her daughter, Mrs. Ledyard, in whose home a very interesting visitor is shortly to arrive.

Mrs. FitzGibbon's lecture upon the Doukhobors will be an interesting event for Monday evening at Conservatory Music Hall. The lantern slides which

are to illustrate the lecture are very good, and a great many persons have caught the enthusiasm of the lecturers in regard to our newest colonists.

The marriage of Mr. Bernard O'Reilly Sloane of Montreal and Miss Anne Bethune took place on Wednesday in St. George's Church, Montreal. Several Toronto relatives went down for the happy event.

The death of Madame Charlotte Stuttaford, at the age of seventy-three, removes a very handsome and picturesque figure from the ranks of the musical profession. Madame Stuttaford was a well-known singer in England, and has several times sung before royalty. She had all the beautiful manner of the old school, and was in many ways a remarkably talented woman. Mr. Stuttaford, a married daughter and three sons survive her.

A few of the wedding presents at the Hobblerin-Everist marriage included four very elegant clocks, a splendid case of dessert silver of many pieces, dozens of solid silver spoons of every sort, a service of cutlery for dinner in solid silver, a silver tea service and some very recherche vases.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Eakins of 12 Madison avenue gave a delightful tea, at which several of the guests contributed very charming music. Tea was served in the dining-room at a rose-crowned table set with all sorts of goodies. Mrs. Eakins was

assisted by a group of fair girls, and I noticed a very small and very serious little maid handing bon-bons and almonds to the ladies, the small daughter of Mrs. Homer-Dixon, who came with her graceful mother and assisted very prettily. Miss Covert and Miss Smith gave guitar duets, Miss Symonds played the piano, and Miss Evans, who returned last year from Germany, gave a very admirably played violin solo. Among the ladies at this pleasant tea were Mrs. A. R. Harrison, Mrs. Schulte, Mrs. Homer-Dixon, Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. J. K. and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Covert, Mrs. Charles Kerr, Mrs. David Walker. The pretty girls and pretty frocks were remarkably "en evidence."

Mrs. Clarence Graft (Mile, Toronto) has spent a quiet holiday with her mother at 70 Murray street, and been very much welcomed by Toronto friends. Mrs. Graft was a guest at Varsity, and will attend the Argonaut At Home this afternoon. I hear she will return to meet her husband on his arrival from Europe very soon.

Mrs. Arthur Grantham, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, has returned to New York.

Mrs. Charles Roberts of New York, formerly Miss Jessie Alexander, is spending this month with her sister in her old home in Robert street. Mrs. Roberts will receive on Wednesdays.

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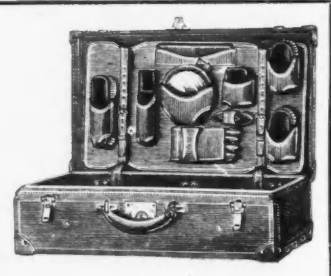
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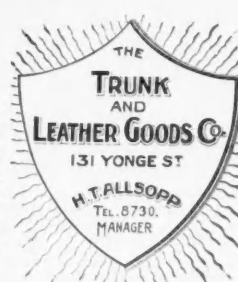
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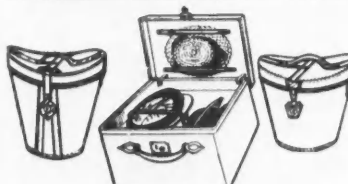
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OPENING OF THE SEASON

#### DOUBLE TRIPS

On and after May 17th **ST. CHICORA** will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily (except Sunday) for Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central & Hudson River R.R., Michigan Central R.R., Niagara Falls Park & River R.R., and Niagara George Ry. Arriving back 11.15 and 8.30 p.m.

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\$3.50 to \$15.00

**84 Yonge St.**

### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Delamere of Cecil street and Miss Denison have gone to their Muskoka Island. Hon. Justice Lister and his family have removed to Walmer road. Mrs. Homer-Dixon is at Hillcrest, very much enjoying a rest there.

An Ottawa friend says: "Many social teas this week were graced by the presence of a charming little Belleville lady, Mrs. J. A. Van der Vort, who is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George J. Bryson."

An early morning wedding took place this week in St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, when at 8 o'clock Miss O'Byrne was married to Dr. McDonagh. The service was read by the Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann. The bridesmaid was Miss McCarthy and the groomsmen were Dr. McDonagh of London, brother of the bridegroom.

Mrs. Cody and Miss Ethel G. Cody of St. Patrick street left town on Tuesday for an extended visit to friends at Glenheim, Ont., and Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Charles Kingsmill arrived in Toronto some two weeks since, and though very much fatigued from her voyage, is now very well again. Mrs. Walter Beardmore has been laid up this week, I believe, with a severe cold.

Mr. S. Lucas of Kitchin, England, and his daughter, Mrs. Thompson, of Winnipeg, have been touring in Muskoka. Mr. Lucas sailed for England a few days since, and Mrs. Thompson remained here to visit Mrs. Acton Burrows, in Bedford road.

A very quiet wedding took place in St. Stephen's Church on Wednesday of last week, when Miss Frances Helena Billington, daughter of the late Dr. George Billington of Strathroy, was married to Mr. Paul Russell Cumming of Toronto, formerly of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. J. Broughall, and owing to a recent bereavement in both families, was witnessed by immediate relatives only.

A quiet marriage was celebrated at Montreal on Monday evening, June 3, between Mr. William Angus Paton, third son of Mr. James W. Paton, of Euclid avenue, and Miss Margaret S. Burnie of Richmond, Quebec.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock at 10 Grosvenor street, when Miss Ethel

Grace McCausland, daughter of Mr. Joseph McCausland, was married to Mr. Albert J. Sutcliffe of Peterborough, formerly of this city. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Chown, assisted by Rev. G. K. B. Adams of Brantford, a brother-in-law of the groom. The bridesmaid was Miss Eva Haworth; Mr. Roland McWilliams, barrister, of Peterborough, was best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe left on their honeymoon, which will include a trip through Muskoka. They will reside in Peterborough.

The marriage of Miss Fanny Bethune, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Bethune, to the Rev. J. C. Roper, D.D., of the Theological College, New York, took place on last Saturday morning at Holy Trinity Church at 10 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Pearson, rector of Holy Trinity, assisted by the bride's uncle, Rev. Henry Bethune of Port Hope. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Henry Bethune, wore white duchesse satin, with yoke of Honiton lace, the veil being fastened by orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of bride roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Emily Bethune, wore white silk, touched with blue, and hat of white tulle. After the ceremony the wedding party and guests drove to the home of the bride's sisters, the Misses Bethune, in Lower avenue, for the wedding breakfast. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bethune, Miss Roper, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Rev. John Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Dyce Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Plummer, Mrs. Raynold Gamble, Mr. Clarence Bogart of Montreal, Mr. Thomas Moss, Mr. John Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. Frank Darling, Miss Alice Darling, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Broughall, Professor Jones of Trinity College, Mrs. C. Carrington Smith, Mrs. George Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hayter, Mrs. Secord.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Jean Cross, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cross, to Mr. George Harcourt of Winnipeg is announced to take place on Wednesday, June 12.

Mrs. George Anderson, one of the oldest and most respected residents of Owen Sound, died on May 31, after having suffered through a long illness. The deceased, whose maiden name was

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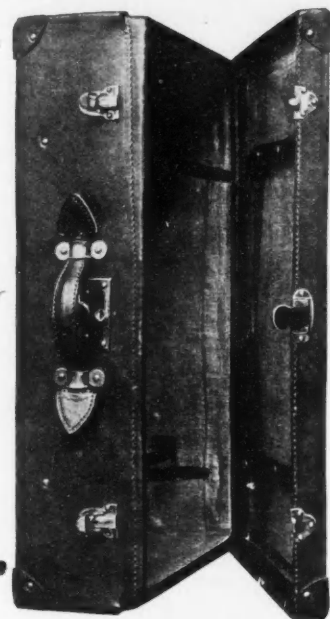


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## The JULIAN SALE

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### 105 KING ST. WEST

#### Social and Personal.

Mrs. John Burns of 222 Simcoe street was at home to a number of her friends on Tuesday, who were invited to meet her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. Burns of Vancouver. The table was beautifully decorated with lilies of the valley and narcissus, whose fragrance filled the room. Among those present were Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw, Miss Annie Staunton, Mrs. W. J. Greig, Mrs. Keith, the Misses Keith, Mrs. Hutchison, Miss Hutchison, Mrs. Frank Webb, Mrs. W. H. Gilphani, Mrs. R. E. Bull, Miss Kate Scott, Miss Bull, Miss Livingston, Miss Burns, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Harris, Miss Lukes, Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Massie, Miss Maggie Reid, Miss Dickson, Miss Jennie Sinclair, the Misses MacMurphy, Miss Parsons.

Miss Laura B. Thompson of Indian road leaves next week for Europe. She will return to town in the fall.

At Lilacweptha, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Doherty, Clinton, on Wednesday, May 22, at 12.30 o'clock, a pretty, quiet home wedding took place, when their daughter, Miss Lena M. Louise, became the wife of Dr. G. Ernest Holmes of Clinton. The father of the groom, Rev. J. W. Holmes, of London, officiated, assisted by Rev. W. G. Howson of Clinton. The bride looked charming in her dress of cream crepe de chine, and her sister, Miss Ethel, as bridesmaid, was beautifully attired in white organdie. Mr. J. H. Holmes, a brother of the groom, of London, was groomsmen. After the usual wedding breakfast and congratulations extended, the young couple left on the 2.55 p.m. train for Montreal and other points, for their honeymoon.

The Church of the Messiah, Kincardine, was the scene of a very pretty event on Thursday morning, May 30, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Edith Pemberton, younger daughter of the late Mr. Charles Pemberton of Kincardine, to Mr. George M. Cary of Glendale, London. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mark Turnbull of Goderich, assisted by the Rev. Charles Miles, B.D., rector of the parish. The bride, who was escorted by her brother-in-law, Mr. H. Warrington Church, of Toronto, looked very handsome in ivory duchesse satin, en train, with bolero of white lace, veil of white tulle and wreath of orange blossoms. Her two little pages—Masters Jack Scougall and Arthur Smith—were very

sweet in their white man-o-war suits. The bridesmaids, Miss Andras of Toronto and Miss Gladys Loomcombe of Kincardine, looked very charming, the former in pink silk organdie, with gold applique trimming, and picture hat of pink tulle, with touches of black, the latter in white organdie over white silk, with dainty hat of white chiffon and pink roses. The best man was Mr. Maxwell Fraser of London, and Mr. Paul Turnbull of Chatham was bride's usher. The bride was given away by her mother, Mrs. Pemberton, who wore a very pretty costume of black lace over mauve silk. The musical portion of the service was beautifully rendered by the choir of the church. After the reception and breakfast at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. and Mrs. Cary left on the afternoon train for Buffalo, en route for Europe. The bride's traveling suit was a blue cloth tailor-made, with blouse of red silk and blue hat trimmed with Persian silk and foliage.

Miss Julia Howe, who was last week the guest of Mrs. Irving Cameron, has returned home.

Mr. John Chase is returning to England at once, but will again visit Toronto before his leave expires. Mr. Chase and Mrs. Albert Ham have the sincere sympathy of their friends in the loss of their mother in England. Mrs. Chase died very suddenly a few days since at an advanced age, and had retained her faculties and bright interest in affairs in a marked manner until the time of her decease.

I hear Lady Minto is to be in Toronto next week to perform some official function.

Last Saturday half a dozen happy couples were sacrificed on Hymen's altar, and one of the pretty wedding parties was that of Mr. Gerald Wade, son of Mr. Henry Wade, and Miss Mary Millicent Willson, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Willson of Wellesley street. The ceremony took place in Knox Church, which was jammed with spectators. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Parsons, assisted by Rev. A. B. Winchester. Palms and flowers in profusion had been placed about the communion railing, and the pews for the guests were decorated with flowers. The bride wore a gown of white satin, en train, the skirt being finished with a deep flounce edged with a ruffle of chiffon. The bodice was trimmed

with lace and chiffon. A tulle veil and orange blossoms were worn, and the bridal bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley. Miss Ella Marcon was bridesmaid, in white muslin trimmed with ribbon and lace. Her picture hat was of white tulle, with clusters of pink June roses, and her bouquet of pink roses. Two little attendants followed the bride, Miss Maida Macrae and Master Howard Wade, niece and nephew of the bridegroom. The little maid was dressed in a frock of white organdie, with a pretty white hat, and carried a basket of flowers. Master Wade was also in white, with a tiny boutonniere. Mr. F. Percy Roger was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. C. H. McArthur, W. A. H. Findlay, T. Christie and R. H. Easson. After the ceremony a reception was given at the residence of the bride's mother, when the intimate friends of the family offered their good wishes to the newly-wedded pair. The drawing-room was fragrant with quantities of lilacs, white and purple, and masses of honeysuckle, mingled with ferns. The buffet was very dainty with white roses and white carnations. Mr. and Mrs. Wade left by the evening train for a wedding trip in the Eastern States, the bride going away in a tailor-made gown of navy blue broadcloth, with tucked blouse of white silk, and a hat of blue straw, trimmed with pastel blue satin.

Many friends are saying farewell to Mrs. Leonard with regret, as she goes shortly to join her husband in Winnipeg, where they will reside in future. Mrs. Job of Markham street gave a farewell tea for Mrs. Leonard last Friday.

On last Saturday morning Mr. John B. Hallworth and Miss Victoria Gimson were quietly married in St. Luke's Church. Rev. A. J. Broughall was the officiating minister, and only the family of the contracting parties were present.

A very old resident of Toronto, a gentleman of the old school and a man esteemed by all who knew him, was Mr. Philip Brown, whose death from a stroke of paralysis at the age of 78 was reported on Tuesday.

The marriage of Mr. Duncan Macdonald of Oaklands and Miss Mabel Moore, daughter of Dr. Charles Moore of London, took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Wednesday afternoon. Canon Dann was the officiating clergyman, and the old church was beautifully decorated for the ceremony. Miss Edith Moore, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Edward Staunton of Toronto was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald have gone east for their honeymoon, and on their return to Toronto will reside on Davenport Hill.

Mr. Turner gave a very pleasant little dinner of fine covers for Mrs. Richards of Winnipeg on Wednesday evening at the Hunt Club. The guests were Mrs. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Violet Langmuir, Mr. Ross and Mr. Sydney Small.

Le Cercle Francais held its last meeting for the season at Mrs. McColl's, 576 Jarvis street, on Tuesday evening. The directress, Mrs. Will Rose, gave a French book as a prize, for which the Frenchman was lively. Mrs. Rose will resume her classes in September.

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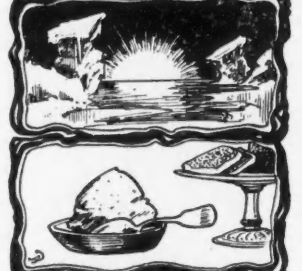
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Kirkey—Mrs. John Kirkey, Toronto, a daughter. Macdonald—June 2nd, Mrs. Stewart C. Macdonald, Dunnville, a son.

Mackenzie—June 4th, Mrs. H. Gordon Mackenzie, Toronto, a daughter.

Nieghorn—June 2nd, Mrs. Albert Nieghorn, Toronto, a daughter.

Barker—June 2nd, Mrs. A. J. Barker, Toronto, a son.

Clark—June 2nd, Mrs. Davidson Clark, Winnipeg, a son.

Alexander—June 3rd, Mrs. B. P. Alexander, Toronto, a daughter.

Ambery—June 3rd, Mrs. Charles Clayton Ambery, Walkerville, a daughter.

Jackson—June 2nd, Mrs. Henry O. Jackson, Toronto, a son.

Jones—May 31st, Mrs. Arthur Jones, Toronto, a son.

Wood—May 24th, Mrs. J. A. Wood, Toronto, a daughter.

Dickie—May 30th, Mrs. (Rev.) R. W. Dickie, Orangeville, a son.

Stephens—May 20th, Mrs. H. N. Stephens, Glencairn, a son.

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### Marriages.

Wade—Willson—At Knox Church, Toronto, on Saturday afternoon, June 1st, 1901, by Rev. H. M. Parsons, D.D., assisted by Rev. A. B. Winchester, Pastor of Knox Church, Mary Mill-son, only daughter of Mrs. E. J. Willson, and of the late Mr. David Willson of Newmarket, Ont., to H. G. Wade, Toronto, son of Mr. Henry Wade, Toronto, and late of Port Hope, Ont. Newmarket and Port Hope papers please copy.

Rundle—Dundas—At 566 Jarvis street, Toronto, on June 4th, 1901, by Rev. Jas. Allen, M.A., assisted by the Rev. George Workman, M.A., Ph.D., Ada Louise, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph R. Dundas, to William Edward Rundle, son of Mr. Charles R. Rundle, contractor, of Toronto.

Paton—Burnie—At Montreal, on June 3rd, William Angus Paton, third son of Mr. James W. Paton, of Euclid ave., Toronto, to Margaret S. Burnie, of Richmond, Que.

Kelly—Murdock—May 22nd at Toronto, John Robert Kelly to Margaret Murdock.

Wagner—Kay—May 29th, at Mimico, Charles J. Wagner, M.D., to Mary N. Kay.

Milsted—Davie—April 30th, at London, Eng., Edmund George Milsted to Anna Jane Davie.

Ross—Miller—May 29th, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Hugh R. T. Ross, M.D., to Ruth A. Miller.

Cumming—Billington—May 30th, at Toronto, Paul Russell Cumming to Frances Helena Billington.

Stark—Mallidine—May 31st, at Toronto, Frank J. Stark to Annie Mallidine.

Hallworth—Gimson—June 1st, at Toronto, John Bright Hallworth to Victoria May Gimson.

Biggar—Tate—June 4th, at Cobourg, Geo. Colman Biggar to Ethel Boswell Tate.

Hill—Burnett—June 4th, at Alliston, W. J. Hill, D.D.S., to Helen Burnett.

Sheil—Harris—June 4th, at Toronto, Francis J. Sheil to Florence A. Harris.

Cary—Pemberton—May 30th, at Kincardine, Ont., George Marcus Cary to Edith Alice Pemberton.

Van Hoogenhouck—Tulleken—Dignam—June 1st, at Toronto, Sir John Alexander van Hoogenhouck Tulleken to Frances Lillian Dignam.

McDonagh—O'Byrne—June 3rd, at Toronto, A. J. McDonagh, M.D., to Bridget O'Byrne.

Cook—Haddock—June 1st, at Mount Elgin, Henry F. Cook to Ida R. Haddock.

Crean—Fraser—June 5th, at Toronto, Gordon Campbell Crean to Frances Eleanor Augusta Fraser.

Fraser—Howe—June 5th, at Toronto, William J. Fraser to Lulu F. Howe.

Morrison—Hunnisset—June 5th, at Toronto, Robert Morrison to Carrie Hunnisset.

Stovel—Easson—June 5th, at Toronto, Russell Wellesley Stovel to Helen Grant Easson.

Roper—Bethune—June 1st, at Toronto, Rev. Dr. Roper (New York) to Fanny Ewart Bethune.

Lloyd—Snowdon—June 4th, at Toronto, Charles Herbert Lloyd to Cora Snowdon.

Marshall—Donovan—June 5th, at Toronto, Simon Marshall to Mary Donovan.

Moorhouse—Stephens—June 4th, at Toronto, William G. Moorhouse to Emma L. Stephens.

Jaffray—Gillespie—June 5th, at Picton, William G. Jaffray to Ethelwyn Gillespie.

Deaths.

Pilsworth—June 4th, at Toronto, Isabella Pilsworth, in her 73rd year.

Shirley—June 4th, at Toronto, Edward J. Shirley, aged 40 years.

Le Vesconte—May 30th, at Campbellford, Margaret M. M. Le Vesconte, in her 70th year.

Stuttard—June 1st, at Toronto, Charlotte Stuttard, aged 73 years.

Cain—June 1st, at Toronto, Matthew Simon Cain, in his 57th year.

Barber—June 2nd, at Toronto, Margaret Winnifred Barber.

Findlay—June 3rd, at Toronto, Catharine A. Findlay.

Irvine—June 3rd, at Toronto, John McClinton Irvine, aged 39 years.

Pardoe—June 4th, at Toronto, Harriette C. Pardoe, aged 28 years.

Layton—June 1st, at Toronto, Florence Jean Layton, in her 5th year.

Holden—May 31st, at Hamilton, Eva Lilian Holden.

Spence—May 30th, at Manchester, Ont., Frances Spence, B.A. (class of '95, University of Toronto).

Anderson—May 31st, at Owen Sound, Annie Anderson, in her 70th year.

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